

THE  
YOUNG CHAPLAIN.

GIFT OF







Rev. J. K. Bacon

with regards from  
Mrs M. G. H. Johnston







William C. Johnston



THE  
YOUNG CHAPLAIN.

“ I feel that the cause requires the sacrifice of dearest interests.”

— *Page 92.*

BY HIS MOTHER.

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THE manuscript for this little work was written soon after William's death, but for many reasons was not printed at that time. Although years have passed, his friends still feel that to have the story of his short life before them in print will tend to strengthen and comfort their still sorrowing hearts; that the words he has spoken, the self-sacrificing spirit he manifested in defense of his country, and, more than all, his earnestness, zeal, and fidelity in the cause of his Divine Master, may stir their hearts—influencing them more and more to live as he lived, so far as he followed Christ, thus becoming more and more ready to die as he died, calmly, believing, trusting, saying as he said, “Now, if it be the will of God.”

NEW HAVEN, CT., *March* 1st, 1876.



IN December, 1833, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston sailed from Boston in company with Mr. and Mrs. Schneider, for Smyrna, Asia Minor, as missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. A voyage of forty-seven days brought them to that city. From thence they proceeded to Constantinople in a sailing-vessel; for at that time there were no steamers on those seas. Mr. Schneider was stationed at Broosa. Mr. Johnston, after some delay, went to Trebizond, occupying the station permanently in the spring of 1835.

William Curtis Johnston, the subject of this memorial, was born at Trebizond, Asia Minor, on the 11th

of June, 1839. He was the second son of Rev. Thomas P. Johnston and Marianne C. Howe Johnston. His paternal ancestors were of Scotch-Irish descent, and settled in Iredell County, North Carolina. His paternal grandmother, Mary Hall Johnston, was a grand-niece of the well-known divine, Dr. Robert Hall, of North Carolina, from whose ancestors descended a regular line of ministers of the Gospel, of whom William was the youngest and the last. His maternal ancestors were of English descent, and settled in New England. His maternal grandfather, Curtis Howe, was born in Granville, Massachusetts, May 10, 1772, married Sibyl Phelps, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and went to Swanton, Vermont, where he resided many years; subsequently he removed to Ohio. He led a long and uniformly Christian life, and died at Grasshopper Falls, Kansas, January 16, 1871, in the ninety-ninth year of his age.



The city of Trebizond lies upon the southern shore of the Black Sea, about 600 miles east of Constantinople. The population at this time was estimated at about 30,000, composed principally of Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews. William's mother was then the only woman in the place who spoke the English language. The prospect around the city and in the distance is charming. The sea comes dashing in from the north. The peaks of the Circassian Mountains rise in the east. The trees around the city appear above the red-tiled roofs of the houses; everything is inviting and cheerful till you reach the interior of the place. Then you come into narrow, filthy streets, walled in, and you are at once reminded that you are in a Turkish city. On the south you will find many by-paths—no roads—leading into the country, the principal one of which goes on to Persia.

The home of William's childhood was remarkably quiet and secluded. The house in which he was born

was a stone structure inclosed on all sides by a thick stone wall—so high that we could not view the street even from the highest window. Two large, heavy gates opened communication through the yard, from street to street, secured inside by large wooden beams drawn across them from crevices in the wall. Beyond this inclosure the children were not allowed to go, unless accompanied by some trusty person. In the yard, nearly in front of the house, stood a large, beautiful pomegranate tree, under the boughs of which the little boy passed many a playful hour, watching, first, the deep crimson blossom, and then the ripening fruit. When he was nearly two years old he had the small-pox. We consulted our medicine-book (for there was no reliable physician in the place). He grew worse. Providentially, Dr. Bell, of the English Embassy to Persia, was passing through the city, and was called in to see him. He at once pronounced it the small-pox, and ordered the mother and child into strict quarantine. The severity of the disease, however, had passed.

The eruption appeared, and the pustules on his little hands seemed a perfect wonderment to himself, and furnished him while in that lone place with many an hour of talk, after his own fashion.

The plague, too, raged fearfully, for weeks and even for months at a time. Our children were as though they were in prison. We dare not come in contact with any one from without. Great is the alarm when this disease appears. The Christians flee in all directions. The Mussulman is a fatalist: if he is to die, he will die; he does not flee. We and our children were mercifully preserved amid much suffering and death. The family, during the hot season, often resorted to the hills a short distance from the city. William's journey thither was performed in a basket tied to the side of a mule, with his brother in a basket on the other side, and a large mass of bedding or other baggage thrown between them upon the top of the animal. When all was ready, the muleteer, with cudgel in hand, drove on till they reached the village.

Here a native hut answered for kitchen, a corn-crib for bed-room, and a hazel-nut grove for dining-room and parlor. The crib stood upon four posts, three feet or more from the ground. The floor was of wicker-work, and the roof so low that none but the "wee" little ones could stand erect under it. There the children slept—and sweetly too, for the crib was clean, and free from vermin—which could not be said of the hut. There, too, with no artificial walls to restrict their way, the little fellows bounded from grove to dense wood, following the herdsmen to the cool brook. It was real sport for young boys who had been confined in a Turkish city for nearly a year. William had with him his American cards of easy reading, and enjoyed his lessons quite as much as his play. His love of study and books showed itself in his first knowledge of them, and the missionary mother, of all others, may be well content if her boy loves study, for where will she find a farm or work-shop for him? The winter of his fifth year he read the book of Psalms aloud to his

mother. He read in the early evening, and was so eager to read *too* long, that a certain number of verses was allotted him for each lesson. Placing his Bible upon the table, and seating himself in his high chair he read in a clear, full voice, and so earnest in expression, that he seemed to catch a little of the spirit of the great Psalmist whose words he was repeating.

At this age he could talk in the Turkish language about as well as in the English, but as soon as he began to read and understand his own language for himself, the English soon got ahead of the Turkish. He used the one for convenience and the other for improvement. He was often out-doors on Greek and Turkish holidays, where crowds of men, women, and children were assembled for recreation on the Medan, or public square. The natives wore the fez (close red cloth head-dress), and were often curious to know what our boys' hats were made of; and when told, straw, said: "*We* would not wear *seman* (straw) upon our heads."

All were equipped in gay colors, sending forth salaams—greetings—and even the poor beggar joyed over his nearly full cup of paras, or coins, of which it took about eight to make a penny.

William often met funeral processions upon the street. The corpse, sometimes gayly and richly dressed, was borne through the streets in an open box, the priests and church boys following, bearing lighted tapers. Then came mourning-women with loud lamentation. At the church the corpse was put in a winding-sheet—not in a coffin—and laid in a shallow grave. At the church-gate was a man with a large copper platter full of boiled wheat, sprinkled with sugar, a handful of which was given to each one passing, in order to secure a prayer for the rest of the soul of the dead.

In these uncivilized countries funerals are conducted in a hurried, careless manner; yet it is death, and the thoughtful child, though young, will not forget the solemn scene.

The arrival of missionary friends from America, on

their way to Persia, was hailed with great joy by the children. No introduction was necessary. They listened with eagerness to the things they said about the land of their fathers. The visit was worth more to them, twice over, than the same time spent over books, and the lone, monotonous life to which they were subject was broken in upon for a little. The time, however, seemed too short, for in a few days the boxes were ready, the mules loaded, and the friends were off—quite a little caravan, following on in each other's track.

William's first Sabbath lessons were reading a chapter from the Bible with his elder brother and sister, and asking questions upon it. His questions were generally ready, and showed that he thought on what he read, and wished to understand it. No reading interested him more than Bible history.

In 1844, the family left Trebizond for Smyrna, on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. William found

here a little company of missionary children, whose society was congenial, profitable, and safe. It was a sort of new life. Many marks of civilization were observable. There were many English and French residents; the Franks, or foreigners, showed some energy; the merchants among them had finely-built stores, instead of open sheds like the Turkish bazaars. Willie now and then saw a carriage, something he had never seen at Trebizond. The Franks wore hats, and the ladies wore bonnets, but the streets were, as they are in all Turkish cities, narrow and filthy. The first Christmas we spent at Smyrna was a solemn day to the children and to us all. Samuel Riggs,\* one of the missionary boys, about eight years old, was buried on that day; he had fallen from a terrace, and died in a few hours. A few days after, Miss Shrewsbury died. She was a sister of Mrs. John B. Adger. These were the first funerals the children had witnessed among friends.

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\* Son of Dr. Elias Riggs.



The summer of 1845, the house we were in was burned. At sunset we hurried away, having secured nearly all our goods. The flames were rushing on behind us, and a dense crowd before us. The little ones were in danger of being crushed as well as burned. We spent the night in an open field, and the next morning went to the village of Bournabat, two hours distant from the city. Willie's stay in the village was pleasant and healthy. He was much in the open air, and not hurried in his lessons, amusing himself watching the flocks of sheep and goats following the shepherd over the hills. He now began to write short notes to his companions, and also to older friends. Mrs. Brown \* took much interest in the missionary children, writing them little notes, which pleased them, and were a source of improvement. We have not his own notes, but give extracts from those of his friends.

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\* Sister of the late Commodore Porter, and mother of the late John P. Brown, who was for many years connected with the American Legation at Constantinople.

“CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 25, 1845.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM :—I was surprised to receive such a nice little letter from you—as the only recollection I have of you is as a little infant in your mother’s arms ; but, as children do not remain infants, I ought to have remembered that *that* was five or six years ago. You wish me to write you in a large hand, and I am doing so, and you must let me know if you can read this letter. By what you tell me of your studies, you will, I see, one day become a learned man. Write to me by the next steamer.

“M. P. BROWN.”

“TREBIZOND, Dec., 1846.

“I am glad to see you are improving in your writing, and I hope you will try and be a good scholar in everything. Little Hattie Charnaud is a very fat little girl, and looks like her sister, Eveline. Little Edward Stevens, too, is large enough to walk on the Medan. Mrs. Stoddard’s Hattie in Ooroomiah knows nearly all her letters. Mary Bliss knows A and O, but no more. I send you a purse—how would you like to put money in it for the poor heathen children, and see how much you will get in the New Year, 1847 ?

“MRS. E. E. B.”

“ERZROOM, Jan. 29, 1847.

“MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:—Many days have passed since I received your last letter, but you must not suppose that it was uninteresting to me because it has remained a long time unanswered. You must remember that you are as yet but a little boy, and that Dr. Smith has a great many friends older than you to whom he must first pay attention. There are his sick friends, for whom he must prepare medicine; there are his missionary associates, to whom he must write long letters; and there are his Armenian brethren, with whom he must converse. Every week he spends three or four evenings in visits to their houses; and in this way he occupies much time which it would be very agreeable to employ in writing to you. But to explain more fully. At one house where I visit, there are three children whom I teach every evening, either about the multiplication table, which we used to play at Trebizond, or about some other useful thing. Now, I want to ask you, William, whether you are to become a learned man, and then commence teaching those who have ignorant parents? If so, you must write me in your next letter all about it, and what you are learning nowadays to help you on. Gregor, whom you used to know, is living with me, and sends you, and all your family, much love.

“AZARIAH SMITH.”

William was now eight years old, a healthy, active, social, loving little fellow, very pleasant to us all. He was much interested in his correspondence. His own notes cost him some labor. He was not much drilled in spelling; was told to go to the dictionary and learn how to spell a word before he wrote it. This was rather a tedious rule, but very effectual; for in his first writing we find very few words misspelled. The boys of the Mission were very fond of boat-making and boat-sailing; of kite-making and kite-flying; you would see them on a terrace upon the top of a high house, their kites rising higher and higher, with the shout and glee of the player after them. They often, too, had a ride upon a donkey. This was done up in real Oriental style. They had no bridles, and if the driver perchance lagged behind, as he often did, the headstrong donkey would stand still in the street, or run up a bank, or down into a ditch, remaining stationary until the driver came up; then by force of the cane the donkey would go off on a gallop, and as like as not, in a moment or

two, be down upon his fore legs, the rider tipping over his head, and landing upon the ground. Another favorite recreation was sea-bathing. A white-turbaned caiquegee (boatman) would row them out where the water was deep and clear near the shore. This was indeed a refreshing exercise on hot summer mornings, such as we had there.

The spring of 1847, Mr. Johnston left home for Aleppo, Aintab, and other places. His family during his absence spent the summer months at Boujah, a village east of the city, about one hour distant. This summer William began writing a journal :

“ June 18, 1847.—Last Friday was my birth-day, and I was eight years old. I received a ball, a little tract, two cherries, and a pair of shoes ; these are the presents I received.” “ Yesterday was Sunday ; we went to Sabbath-school ; Mr. Lewis, the English chaplain, preached. His text was in the Epistle to the Hebrews, 9th chapter, 27th verse. He preached about death in his sermon.”

“ Last Monday we celebrated the 5th of July because the 4th was Sunday. We got up early and went with

Samuel Benjamin into the open fields and picked flowers, and ornamented the rooms and the yard and everywhere, and then waited for the Riggs and Benjamins to come; but they did not come after all, because they could not get donkeys. We celebrated it by fighting the Revolutionary War, and pulling down the statue of old King George, and then played all sorts of things."

"Last week Mr. Riggs received a letter from Mr. Everett; the news was that Mary Dwight has had a very bad pain in her head. She died on Monday the 5th, the very same day we were playing with all our might and celebrating the 4th." "Mr. Benjamin comes out to hear brother Fronty's Latin lessons, because papa has gone to Aintab to preach the gospel." "Every day we have a fine bath in cold water, and it is very nice, I like it very much. Fronty is going to the city with Mr. B. Yanni\* has gone for the donkey. I shall feel very lonely without him."

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\* Yanni was a Greek domestic who lived with us the greater part of fifteen years; the children were much attached to him and he to them. He was truthful and faithful. He could read a little, and improved rapidly: we read with him in the Armeno-Turkish Bible, and he in the Greco-Turkish. He would ask Mr. Johnston many questions—wanted to know if the Bible taught as his Church taught. At length he renounced many of the ceremonies of the Greek Church; said of the long fasts, Bosh—empty. After we left he lived with Mr. Parsons, of Nicomedia, who wrote us that Yanni gave evidence of being a true believer in Christ, and

“To-day is the day for the Austrian steamboat from Constantinople; I expect a letter from Mrs. Brown. We are very careful not to eat many grapes now, and fruit, because the cholera is in Smyrna. I hope to see brother Fronty’s face to-morrow. We expect Frances Benjamin here to-day, and I am going to town. I hope God will keep Frances coming up here, and *I* going down there, in safety. This morning, before prayers or breakfast, Fronty painted his ship black. At noon he made sixteen cannons for his brig of war *Julius Cæsar*. Yanni brought three letters, two for me—one from Mrs. Brown, and one from Charles P. Dwight.”

“Aug. 18.—We have heard the cholera is in Erzroom; Dr. Smith will tell us all about it when he comes to attend the annual meeting of the Mission, which is to be at Smyrna.”

Mrs. Brown says, May 2: “I have just received your letter of the 29th, in which you regret that our correspondence is about to end; I am happy to say that *that* need not be, as we have given up all idea of going to the United States this summer. I am pleased that you are so fond of drawing; I will continue to send you little sketches of mine. I had heard of the mutiny on board the *Ganges*, and we were well content that

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he wrote us himself that he felt the love of God in his heart. This was cheering news.

an overruling Providence had prevented our being in her; it is well it did not happen after they were out in the Atlantic. You want to know what kind of an animal the gazelle is. It is like a very small deer, is of fawn-color, with large, beautiful eyes, and can jump a yard high—straight up. It used to follow Mrs. Brown about the house like a child. Your little sister must be very interesting, now that she is walking and learning to talk. What would you take for her? We have not one child about our house. Let me know, and if you don't ask too much I will try and buy her."

"BOUJAH, July 23, 1847.

"DEAR PAPA:—We were all delighted with the beautiful pressed flowers you sent us, and it was so very kind in Baron Nishan to press them for us. Our American cousins, uncles, and grandpa will be delighted to see flowers from Gethsemane, and all the places around Jerusalem. On brother F.'s birthday he had given him the 'Memoir of Harlan Page,' five piasters in gold, and eleven sugar-plums. On mamma's birthday, the present she received was, our promise to be good children. Now I will ask you some questions: Who washes your clothes? Who makes your bed?



Who cooks your breakfast, dinner, and supper? Do you get grapes, figs, etc., at Aleppo? Tell Baron Nishan we thank him very much for the pressed flowers. I hope you will get to Aintab in safety. I am now studying the History of the United States.

“Your affectionate son,

“WILLIAM.”

His father, on his way between Aleppo and Aintab, going on a little before his company, was met by a highway robber, who, pointing his gun at him, demanded his money. He spoke to him in Turkish, and in some way engaged his attention till the company appeared, when the robber fled. His young sons on hearing this became alarmed, and seemed to think of him only as facing the robber, or meeting some new danger, and finally, after waiting long and anxiously to see him, on going on board to meet him, they could hardly recognize him, so sunburnt was his face, and his beard was so long.

“DECEMBER 9.—We are in town now. The house has three fountains, and a terrace upon the top. To-day, I am to draw a picture of the bark *Niagara*.

“Mr. Riggs preached yesterday. His text was: ‘Arise! shine, for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.’ Isaiah xl. 1. Brother Henry is very sick. I put my flag half-mast because he is sick.” “12th.—H. is better. He expects Meta Benjamin here at twelve o’clock to stay till half-past four or five.”

After the hot season had gone by and the cholera subsided, he commenced study in earnest; this year he had some companions in his studies.

“I am now learning Latin with William Whitall. Miss Howard \* teaches us. I am also learning French. A French gentleman, Mr. Razigio, is our teacher. Last Saturday we went to *Narlee Kuey*. It is a Turk

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\* The late Mrs. William Wood, of the Mahratta Mission.

ish name. Translated, it means the Village of Pomegranates. Papa has gone to Tocat. He went first to Constantinople, and then he expected to go to Samsoon, and then to Zilleh."

He was now allowed to walk in the street alone, and began to do little jobs of work and thought himself almost a man.

"To-day I did not have any Latin to learn, but I had French at noon. This afternoon we made a ship out of boards, and put a mast and bowsprit in her and four sails. F. and S. were the sailors and I was the captain. Yesterday I went to the English Church with Miss Watson. Mr. Walters preached about John the Baptist. This morning I cut twenty-three sticks of wood before breakfast, and during the day twenty-nine more. This is a Greek holiday. All the flags are up. Papa, F., S., and I, went to the point; the large new mill they are building was open. The French steamer came at noon. The Queen Dowager is dead. I spinned my top for half an hour, and then went to my lessons. At sunset we went home with John Delacio; from there

we went to meeting. Very few attended. Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennep were there. Yesterday was Sabbath. Papa preached in the Dutch Chapel. We sang some hymns after supper, and had prayers in Turkish."

The following note was written to his brother, then in Athens, Greece :

"Sept. 30, 1850.

"DEAR BROTHER :—I suppose you are in a Greek quarantine. Was the sea rough any? Is Athens a better city than Smyrna? The *Afton* left on Sunday morning. That pious Italian family which was here embarked on her. There is no news by the French steamer, except that Professor Webster is 'executed. We have a letter for you from Mr. Parsons, but the paper is too thick to send to Athens. The ships are covered with signals. If it is King Otho's birthday, let me know what parade they made there. This morning we went to bathe ; I know how to swim now, though I dare not go beyond my depth. Coming in we had up a sail, with fair wind, and came home finely. There is a

very strong Inbat-sea breeze ; I hope it will bring in some American vessels. I study Greek now."

The boys of the Mission were now engaged getting up small manuscript newspapers and circulating them. William edited a newspaper, of which this is a specimen copy :

## SMYRNA STAR.

MARCH, 1851.

"ON Monday, the 17th, Messrs. Lawrence, Hosmer, and Forsythe, who travel in company, rode out to Bournabat on donkeys. The Doctor had a fall ; they had hard work to keep from getting their legs jammed against the wall. On Tuesday the 11th, Mr. R. and family, Mr. B.'s children, and the Editor, took a walk near the Turkish quarter of the city. A party of Turkish boys demanded money ; *we*, refusing—at first they took up big stones, and would probably have hurt us had not Mr. R. given them money. We publish this to show how uncivilized the Turks are. Our native helper, Haji Aghasi, went inside the quarantine to see

if his bride, whom he was expecting, had come, when he was seized, and kept there five days. It is said he tore his hair and cried like a child. It is not probable he will go inside the quarantine *lines* again to look for his bride."

"COMMUNICATION FOR THE SMYRNA STAR. I

"MR. EDITOR:—I thought it might please your readers to see the story of the escape of Mrs. Wagner and Mrs. Kossuth from Austria. After the defeat of the Hungarians, a reward of thirty thousand florins was offered to any one who would show them where Mrs. Kossuth was. Mrs. Wagner had been with the army, her son being one of Kossuth's officers, to be near him in case he should be wounded. After the treachery of Gen. G., Mrs. Wagner narrowly escaped with her life, and reached Gov. Kossuth with the other refugees in Turkey. She then formed the resolution to go into the heart of Hungary and try to rescue Mrs. Kossuth, not knowing where she was. This she did at the risk of her life, for a proclamation had been issued, that whoever kept Mrs. Kossuth in their houses twenty-four hours was guilty of a capital offense."

## “DOMESTIC NEWS.

“ON the 28th of last month we felt the shock of an earthquake here. A concert of prayer was held Monday the 3d, and the sum of 104 piasters, about five dollars, was collected. This will be sent to Aintab. We should be obliged to the editor of the *Constantinopolitan* if he would give us more news concerning the affairs going on in that city. Dr. Smith writes from Diarbekir, that he has very often about fifty to attend his meetings. It is a very promising station.”

## “FOREIGN NEWS.

“AN exhibition of all the great inventions of all nations is to be had this year in London.

“The Austrians have forbidden the Hungarians to go, or to bring anything to the exhibition.

“The South Carolinians have decided in favor of secession, and will probably separate from the United States before long.”

“THESSALONICA, July 20, 1852.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM:—Will you accept our thanks for your interesting paper, and furnish us with a copy at your convenience. We had an opportunity of comparing the *Star* with the *Messenger*. It bears the comparison well. We think the *Star* in the ascendant. This I do not add to flatter you or at all depreciate the excellent *Messenger*, but to encourage you in your enterprise. On the opposite leaf of this note is an order for the pay—as I understand the terms—for six months.

“Yours, etc.,

“J. W. PARSONS.

“We like to receive your newspaper very much, and wish you to consider us as subscribers for at least one copy. And if your editions are large ones, we will take two, and send them to some young friends in America.”

Charles P. Dwight, son of the late Dr. H. G. O. Dwight, early became a true follower of Christ, and labored faithfully for the salvation of his young companions. He says :

“DEAR WILLIAM:—It is some time since I wrote you,



but I have had my hands full. The influenza entered our family, and not one escaped. I have had household matters to look after—besides, there is a demand for my paper, which takes all my spare time to supply. I believe you asked me in your last to write principally upon religious subjects. I can assure you that *this* is no hardship for me, if I can by the blessing of God be enabled to do your soul good, even though it be as a grain of mustard-seed. You speak of your inability of yourself to keep good resolutions. But are you left to yourself? Is there no way, nothing to help you? Cannot you trust God's promises to answer prayer? Oh, that the arrows of conviction might sink deep into your heart, until you can feel the joy of believing in Jesus." "Are you still in the same state of mind as you have been for some time? Remember you cannot always remain in this state. The Holy Spirit will not always parley with you. You know it is now an important time with you. Warm weather is coming on, when all sorts of distractions will strive hard with you—excursions, travelers, etc. The warm months are always very tempting, I have found, and you will find that your heart will be much farther from religion than in winter." "January 19, 1852—I am glad to hear your paper has begun again; I like that plan you told me of, very much, of editing extra papers, and I have given notice that such will be issued. Our Frontis-piece was

drawn by an expert artist, with whom I presume you are not unacquainted—Rev. H. J. Van Lennep. Henry Goodell says, he is Fronty's agent; and if you think it well, and are not incommoded by it, will you please be my agent? But in these things, William, we must not be too much taken up; there is one greater and more important theme, we should have all the time in our minds—the salvation of our souls, and the glory of God. If you do truly love the Saviour—what joy, what love and peace, must fill your mind. How pleasant to think of the time when we shall see him as he is, and be enabled to adore and glorify him without the clogs of the flesh. May the Lord make you one of his chosen disciples, one of his great instruments in spreading the blessed gospel.

“CHARLES P. DWIGHT.”

“FROM THE ISLAND OF SCIO, June 9, 1851.

“DEAR WILLY:—From the top of our house we see all the sea, the town, and a great deal of the country. Oh! you could think of nothing more beautiful than Scio. The waves roll upon the beach as they did at Trebizond. Rover, without anything being thrown, goes into the sea, and dives and gets out stones. Do come to Scio—do you hear—William? Last Saturday, papa, mamma, F., and M. went to a neighboring monastery to

examine it. They saw blood on the walls which could not be washed off, also human bones, and a monk, who is a hundred and eighteen years old. In that monastery several thousand people were burned by the Turks. Next week I shall see you—nothing happening. Hope Mr. Pengelly has not slipt us like all the other company. Have you yet seen Alfred Barker and Theodore Walters? Should you see them before I come, please give them my love. Excuse this scrawl, as I have no table in my room. I have to write on my knee. I am sorry to leave the Island, but shall be very glad to see you.

“S. G. W. B.”

In May, 1851, his brother, Frontis, left for America. This placed him as head man in the family—when his father was absent. He made himself very useful, not only in the family, but was often called upon to assist friends or travelers in any little shopping or business they wished to do in the city. His lessons, letter-writing, editorship, home work, out-door exercise, etc., kept him very busy.

“BOURNABAT, July 5, 1852.

“Saturday the 26th, at about four o'clock in the morning, some of the boys of the English school went to bathe in the sea with their French teacher—Mr. J. Decours. Mr. Decours was drowned. He probably had a fainting fit, for he fell down under the water, but rose again and called for help to one of the boys, who brought him a life-preserver, but which the teacher was unable to hold. The last words he uttered were, *ma mere*—my mother. He was very much attached to his scholars, and beloved by all who knew him. He was from Switzerland, and was between twenty-two and twenty-three years of age. He has a widowed mother, of whom he was the support, and the news of his death will be a great shock to her. He was buried Sunday morning at Smyrna, in the Dutch burying-ground. It was a very solemn funeral. The whole school was there, and a great many young people also. We hope that the sudden death of their teacher will be the means of doing good to his scholars.”

“We have a very efficient pasha here now. The banditti that infested the suburbs of the city are not half so daring as they used to be. Lately, four were beheaded and twenty-eight taken prisoners, and, in token of the pasha's joy, a salute was fired from the city battery.” “The locusts have been very numerous this summer, notwithstanding the quantity of okes \*

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\* A Turkish weight ; nearly three pounds.

which have been caught and buried. Two or three days there were perfect clouds of them ; you could hear the buzzing of their wings very distinctly. A great many have fallen into the sea, and such numbers have drifted ashore in the city, that it is feared some disease will arise."

The last summer William spent at Smyrna he witnessed the great excitement occasioned by the seizure of Martin Kosta, the Hungarian exile, by the Captain of the Austrian brig of war *Hussar*. The United States sloop of war *St. Louis*, Captain Ingraham, had just arrived in the harbor of Smyrna. Kosta was in chains on board the *Hussar*. Captain Ingraham demanded his release, but the Austrian commander refused to give him up. The two ships then prepared for battle. The people of the city rushed to the shore to witness the fight. William too was there, waving his little American flag. He wrote a full account of the scene in his senior year at college, the sequel of which is in these words :

“ The Captain of the *Hussar* thought, at first, he would fight, but he could see the Americans were preparing to give him red-hot shell, and his heart fainted within him. He sent to Captain Ingraham a sulky message, telling him to come and get Kosta. Captain Ingraham replied that, as they had taken Kosta from the shore, they should take him back. The Austrians may have thought this was adding insult to injury ; nevertheless, they still continued to think that discretion was the better part of valor. At a little before four o’clock, P. M., July 2, 1853, Kosta, loosed from his chains, was let down from the *Hussar* into a boat, and rowed by six Austrian sailors to the landing-place of the French Consul. Immediately two American boats swept from the *St. Louis*, and flanked the boat on either side. The band on board the *St. Louis* struck up “ Hail Columbia.” Soon the three boats reached the shore, where thousands on thousands were gathered to welcome the rescued captive. As the American officers handed Kosta from the boat to the shore, cheer after cheer went up from that great throng, such as never before had fallen upon the city of Homer’s birth ; and some voices were English, and some French ; some were Italian, and some Hungarian ; some were Greek, and some American ; but they all joined in sounding the praises of America.”

Rumors of the approaching Crimean war were now spreading through the East.

FROM MRS. AZARIAH SMITH.

“ORTA KNEY, July 8, 1853.

“When I was coming through the Dardanelles I passed the English and Turkish fleets just below the mouth. After I arrived here I saw the *Messenger*, a steamer which runs between the fleet and the palace of the English Ambassador. Mr. Dwight told me it had been up to the palace with dispatches, to inform the Ambassador that the Russians had really entered the Turkish provinces with their army, and to know if the fleet should proceed to the Black Sea. It may be some time before war will commence, even if they do not conclude to make peace without it; so you need not make your home on the *man-of-war* at present. The men who went to Smyrna with dispatches from Mr. Brown to Captain Ingraham came back on the same steamer on which I came up. The Americans here are exulting at the success of the demand made on the Austrians by the Americans. I hope, dear William, that while your mind is so much filled with thoughts

about war between men you will not forget to fight with the foe which is found in your heart."

In the early part of 1853, his friend and correspondent, Charles P. Dwight, was suddenly called away by death; this was a severe blow to William, and to all his companions. One of them writes from Constantinople:

"O William! You don't know how much we are afflicted by Charles's death—it was so sudden—we buried him a week ago. Yesterday was his birth-day, and he and I were both anticipating our birth-days with pleasure. I hope we shall all take this to heart."

"I am gloriously out of sorts," says a correspondent, "with the rascally Austrians, and very sorry another opportunity has passed without chastising them. We and everybody expect war between Russia, France, England and Turkey. The Czar has ordered all the Russian residents at London to leave immediately on the breaking out of hostilities. The English and French fleets will come up here, when a division of each will go to the Black Sea. The Turks have some 40



vessels at Buyukdere. The French fleet has 10,000 troops on board, and the English 8,000. All the Yankee Constantinopolitans are invited by Mr. Brown to *Greek Sue*—or the heavenly waters of Asia—to spend the 4th in a becoming manner. Mr. Brown will read the *Declaration of Independence*, and an American gentleman, a member of the New York House of Representatives, will deliver a speech.”

NOTE FROM HIS GRANDPA JOHNSTON.

“NEAR NEWCASTLE, TENN., June 1, 1853.

“Altho’ grandpa has never seen his grandson William, yet he loves him, and often thinks about him, and prays for him that he may be a good boy, and give his heart to God and learn to do his will. Grandpa has become very hard of hearing; has very little satisfaction talking, cannot hear any preaching, and is more than seventy years old. Will William let his grandpa have good reason to hope that he will meet his grandson in heaven?”

In the spring of 1853 his mother and eldest sister sailed for the United States. William, with his father and the younger children, remained until the autumn of the same year, when they also embarked for America.

“BEBECK, June 29, 1853.

“DEAR WILLIE:—Many thanks for your letter. We had a very busy time of it during the annual meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Jewett were with us about a week. Our house is very near Mr. Schauffler’s; as we were just at the window we heard them singing there. It sounded sweetly. We were very pleasantly surprised to-day by a visit from Baron Pedros.” “So you are going to America, and we shall not have you for neighbors any more, either at Smyrna or Constantinople. Well, I do not wonder you are glad, for I think I should be glad if we were going. I hope among all your new friends, you will not forget your old ones. I don’t know whether I told you about our Sabbath afternoons, which I enjoy very much. We have a Bible-class at three o’clock at Mr. Schauffler’s. Then we older children have a meeting by ourselves, and at five a Bible-class in Greek. How glad I should be if we could see you once more before you leave your Eastern home. When you get to America, I hope you will tell how things seem to you there, and all about your voyage.

“E. R.”

“You are going to leave us,” says a friend, “and we are all very sorry, but I suppose you are very happy to go to that good land of your fathers, of which you have

heard so much. I trust you will have the blessing of the Lord in all your way, and be brought safely there. I hope you will ever remember and pray earnestly for his presence, for you know every enjoyment of this life is worth very little without the blessing of God. If you consecrate your early and best years to his service, perhaps he will confer on you the privilege of, by and by, forsaking parents, and brothers, and sisters, for his sake, to promote his cause in some of the dark places of the earth—perhaps, in the land of your birth. The Lord bless you, and make you his on earth and in Heaven.”

On leaving Smyrna, William bade good-by to the pleasant associations and scenes of his childhood. He had already been quite a little voyager, having crossed nearly the whole length of the Black Sea five times, and the Marmora and Archipelago once.

#### VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

“We came on board the bark *Mimosa*, Capt. King, bound for Boston, on Monday evening, September 19, 1853. Our party consisted of Messrs. Stocking, Crane, and Johnston, with their families; in all, five adults and

ten children. We beat out of the Gulf under a westerly breeze in company with a French bark, which we beat all hollow. A breeze sprung up from the north, which carried us along nicely. Soon Mitylene and Psara were in sight. We passed the Dora Passage, and in the morning St. George's Island and Greece were in view. Sabbath, 25th.—Papa preached at ten o'clock—the captain attended. At eleven o'clock, a hundred vessels were in sight. Wednesday we had a severe gale. In the afternoon papa had Sunday-school with the children.

“October 2.—Sunday night we cleared Cape St. Angelos; in the morning, Cerigo, Candia, Cerregatta, and other small islands were in sight. Thursday the captain pointed out Malta on our starboard bow. H. and I were confined to our berths pretty much all day. Lizzie tumbled down the cabin stairs. The captain complained of squalls below. He evidently prefers squally weather to squally children. We have very fine clear weather. 6th.—This morning completes two weeks of our passage, and we are not yet half way across the Mediterranean. Cape Bon is in sight. Nineteen days out; Majorca and Minorca in sight. Thursday we came in sight of Sicily; we saw a few fishing-boats, and one came quite near us. Wednesday we were not crowded at table. The little ones keep their center of gravity, now leaning to one, and now to

the other side. I have made Willie Stocking a little ship; it sails quite well in the cabin in rough weather. Off Cape Palos: twenty-two days out. This morning we put on a new foretop and maintop gallant sail, they having split in the gale off Majorca. Yesterday afternoon stood at the helm a quarter of an hour. The coast of Spain is very high all around as far as we can see."

Before leaving Smyrna a note was put into someone's keeping, to be handed to him between Malta and Gibraltar.

" September 14.

" By the time this reaches you, you will be far, far away on the blue Mediterranean. It will be very hard to think of you anywhere but in Smyrna. Are you much sea-sick? Do you read much on board? Do you keep a journal? I wonder whether you will see any whales. I dare say you are very anxious to get to America. Please give my love to M. and V. Good-by, Willie. Don't forget your friend."

" De Gat, or Gata, in sight—so named from its resemblance to a cat. However, we do not perceive it. We saw a good many huge black fish spouting up water."

" We have, at last, passed the Cape de Gat, having

been in sight of it for six days. 20th.—We hailed the Dutch bark *Antonita*, and in the evening we were also close up to the *Racc-Horse* (of Boston). We are now under two royals tacking back and forth along the coast. Malaga in sight, with a light, half-filling breeze. Yesterday we spoke the *Racc-Horse*—Captain Searls. We could talk very easily without a trumpet. We saw Mrs. Searls and her little girl. Captain said it was reported that there was war. 24th.—Straits of Gibraltar, opposite Tarifa. Sabbath, Mr. Stocking preached, and papa had Sabbath-school with us in the afternoon. We reached the Rock by two o'clock, and lay to there, the captain not wishing to go in at night-time. We had a good view of the Rock. There are batteries built on rocks all along the level of the water. It seems truly formidable. About seven A. M. we rounded the point, and the white houses of the pretty village of Algerica shone brightly in the sun. Soon we saw St. Roque's, and the City of Gibraltar. I picked out two barks which I said were American. As we entered, they hoisted their flags. They were the *Ouba* of Beverly, and the *Eutaw* of Boston. Soon after we anchored, the quarantine officers came alongside; also a man who brought us some fruit. We sent our casks for water, and ordered provisions, which we got at one o'clock. The captain gave the order-man the windlass, and soon we were under weigh."

The ship arrived in Boston the latter part of November. Though William was happy in the thought of coming to America, on reaching here—like many a missionary child—he felt a little “home-sick.” Could he have met some of his native friends in their own familiar costumes, or the Greek man, “Yanni,” who for years had been one of the household, or the hamal (porter) with a basket of grapes on his back, or the old kappoogi (door-keeper) in the court—could he have stood upon the terrace, or mounted a donkey, or met a drove of camels, or even have heard the babel of language in the street, all this would have been so homelike.

After visiting with friends a few weeks, he was sent with his brother to Bloomfield, New Jersey, to the school for boys, in charge of Mr. Charles Davis. Although he had not had the advantage of attending schools in the East, he did not find much difficulty in maintaining his stand in the different classes in which he was placed in this school. He was presented by his teacher with a copy of the “Standard Speaker,” on taking the first prize

in composition. At the close of the winter session, he left Bloomfield for Salem, Massachusetts, where his parents had sought a temporary home for the family. Here he entered the Latin school for boys in charge of Oliver Carlton, Esq., preparatory to entering college. The two years and a half he spent in Salem were among the happiest of his life. He found kind friends all around. Besides having pleasant companions of his own age, he became acquainted with some young men older than himself, who were companionable and social, and their influence over his young mind was very happy, salutary, and Christian. The Sabbath-school he attended regularly. The study of the word of God was a part of his chief study. When he left the school, he received from his teacher, Mr. John Dike, the "Life of Calvin," as a reward for committing to memory the Shorter Catechism. His leisure hours were occupied in various ways. He was newspaper carrier for a while. The cold, to which he was not used, seemed too severe for this sort of work, but he persevered in it for the season. In the spring



of 1855, there being a small garden attached to the house, he began raising vegetables. In this he succeeded so well, that one of his friends congratulated himself on having had a splendid dinner on a dish of fresh corn from Willie Johnston's garden. He found also valuable friends among the ladies of Salem, who were interested in him, and for him, aiding and encouraging him in his work of preparing himself for usefulness. One mother in Israel, was always doing him good. She followed him through his college course with her prayers, her good advice, and many kindnesses. In July, 1856, he went with his brother F., who was then at Salem, to New Haven, Connecticut, to pass the required examination for entering Yale College. On informing Mr. Carlton of his admittance into college, he received the following note :

“SALEM, September 1, 1856.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM :—Your letter of the 19th ult. was duly received, and I was glad to hear that you suc-

ceeded so nicely in your examination. And now your future success in college and in life will depend on your own exertions. Diligence, perseverance, and correct deportment will certainly secure it. I do not recommend to you to engage in the strife for college honors, but I do earnestly urge it upon you to form and maintain an unalterable resolution to be a good scholar—to do your best always.

“Yours,

“O. CARLTON.”

A friend writes:

“I shall be quite anxious to hear of your prosperity as a student, and my great desire is, that you may take a high stand, and your character remain to the end of *college life* untarnished by the slightest shade.”

“The last time I heard from you” (says a Salem friend) “you were round among the lions. Have you seen any yet? You should have been here last Sunday to help your fellow ‘*basses*,’ and also to sustain the reputation of the choir. The leader being absent, we started off on our own hook. Nevertheless, the singing was very good. One of the congregation said it was ‘tip-top.’ You would like to have been with us at

Pine Grove the other afternoon, at the choir's picnic. There were about fifty in all. We had six pieces of Gilmore's band. All marched in procession to supper, headed by the band, in military style, 'left foot first,' etc., etc. Some of the party rode home, while fifteen or twenty of us walked, and had a nice sing on the bridge.

"Charley W. was glad to hear that you had joined the brothers in —— what is it?"

He was seventeen years old a short time before he entered college. He appeared boyish, and was very original in his manner.

He was one of the speakers on the freshman prize debate. One of his classmates remarked that one great difficulty, while speaking, seemed to be as to where he should keep his arms. They went every which way, and Professor Silliman, Sen., one of the umpires, shook his sides laughing. His prompter could not keep the place, for in the excitement of delivering his speech he did not follow the manuscript, but launched out extemporaneously, suiting his ges-

tures to the words as they occurred at the moment. For this effort he received the third prize. His whole course through college was marked by an unflinching determination to accomplish what he undertook. In working out his mathematical problems, when he became tired of every other position, he would down upon the floor full length, on his breast, and the question was solved.

The summer vacations of 1858 and 1859 he taught a select school of twelve weeks each year, at North Windham and Mansfield, Connecticut. This rendered college duties very laborious, especially the latter part of the fall term.

Aside from study, he took a part in almost everything going on in college; interesting himself in class and college societies, writing, debating, etc., etc. It was often a question at home *when* Willie got his class lessons.

It was interesting on presentation day to see the

boys of '60, one hundred and eight in number, bidding each other good-by. They thought they had stout hearts, and the tear would not start, but with many of them it did. And when in procession they proceeded to the houses of the president and professors to give the farewell cheer, friends were listening, were looking on and querying: What will be the future career of these young men? Who of them will live to good purpose and honor old Yale? Who of them will live to no good purpose, a dishonor to their class and Alma Mater? And who of them will soon be called to die? Before their triennial meeting, four of them were laid in the grave.

At the junior exhibition of his class he walked to the stand arm in arm with one who, like himself, was born in Turkey. They were near the same age, James\* being about three months older than William. Their associations in childhood were similar. They

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\* Rev. James H. Schneider, Chaplain of the Second Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops. Died at Key West, Florida, April 25, 1864.

were in the same class at college. Their love for each other grew stronger and stronger. Their love for country was one. They both died to save it. In a moment they are not, for God took them. Their immortal life, which they began so nearly together, we cannot doubt will be one—one of unending peace and joy and triumph.

It was not until his first year in college that he expressed a decided hope in Christ. The winter of 1857, many of his fellow students were inquiring after truth. He spoke of the interest some of his classmates expressed in his spiritual welfare,<sup>2</sup> and remembered them with gratitude. He was always a conscientious, serious-minded, and a Bible-reading boy. Outwardly his life was very much the same before as after his public profession of faith in Christ. Whatever his state of mind might have been before this, the necessity was now laid upon him to come out from the world and devote himself actively to the service of Christ. He joined the college church, with other students, March,

1858. Having finished his college course, he made a trip on foot first to Mansfield, Connecticut, thence to Rockville, Medway, Boston, Salem, Middleton, and Andover, Massachusetts, walking thirty, and nearly forty miles a day, visiting friends between the marches, the distance from New Haven being about one hundred and fifty miles. This was the last visit to these pleasant friends.

On his return he called at Brookfield, Massachusetts, to see the family of Mrs. Benjamin, his old Smyrna friends, spending a day or two with them very pleasantly; he also bade them a final good-by.

After graduating, he again taught in Mansfield. On arriving there, he says: "I am boarding at Mr. William Trumbull's. It is very quiet here. The house is only a few steps from the school. I opened school Monday with twenty-seven scholars, and am expecting more. I was not well Monday and Tuesday. The mornings and evenings are cool, and the noons are very hot."

In his pupils he interested himself, not only as a teach-

er, but as a friend and companion, while in school hours good discipline was enforced. At recess, he was often with them upon the play-ground, doing his best to outstrip them in the race. He introduced debating, and other societies, which furthered their improvement in both writing and speaking, and on leaving, he still kept up his interest in his friends, corresponding with quite a number of them. The following extracts were addressed to one of his pupils, a young boy toward whom he cherished a warm attachment :

“ In the first place, Fred,\* how are you? It is now ten days since I left; I have been getting this bundle up at odd moments, and it has taken more length of time than I thought it would. I have enjoyed gathering together these books and pictures for my scholars very much indeed. Some may call it a weakness, but I like to take up the little mementoes of the scholars I have, and to think over our studies, and our plays, our meetings, our rides, and all. The picture I send you is a first-rate view of Yale College buildings. There are three buidings with spires or towers, as you see. The

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\* Frederic Barrows, of Mansfield, Connecticut. Now deceased.



middle one is where I recite, and make daily exhibitions of my ignorance, affording considerable amusement to my classmates. I console myself with the thought that they couldn't calculate latitude through a waterduct. I don't know as this picture will interest you especially—take it, however, as an expression of my wish to thank you for your good recitations, especially in Algebra, and for your last composition, which pleased me very much. I hear from 'William the Critic,' and others, that you voted to hang Brown. We did the same in the 'Brothers,' by a majority of one. The President, however, decided in favor of not hanging. Did that Coventry team come over to discuss the question on Napoleon, the night after I left? How does the new debating society flourish? Doesn't it bring out the older ones much more than before? Did you take any part in 'Gamma Nu' after I left? Don't you study history now?"

FROM THE LATE REV. AUGUSTUS WALKER, OF  
DIARBEKIR.

"KHARPUT, September 26, 1860.

"Now that you have graduated, I hope you ask counsel of the Lord as to your future course, and will be glad to do whatever he shall wish. This is the wise, and this the safe, and this the happy course. Loving

the Lord Jesus, you will delight to keep close to him, so will you be greatly blessed, and what is even better, in a world of probation—a great blessing. I was very glad, dear William, to see your name in the papers as a prize orator in the ‘Brothers,’ my own society, in my own loved Alma Mater. You have seen Dr. Pratt, and will soon see Mr. Marsh, and they will tell you all about us. Mr. Dunmore was with us in Diarbekir only a few months. Dr. and Mrs. Nutting now expect to return to Diarbekir from Bitlis this fall. We came this spring to Kharput to attend the annual meeting of the North Armenian Mission.” “I could not help writing, to thank you for your good letter, and to tell you how much we love you.”

William had now determined on making the preaching of the Gospel of Christ the work of his life ; and soon after the closing of his school at Mansfield, in November, 1860, he went to Kentucky, and entered the Theological Seminary at Danville, in that State. On his way South, he visited his grandfather Howe, at Granville, Ohio, who was eighty-nine years of age, and whom he had not yet seen. On reaching Danville, he writes to New Haven :

“ Jan. 3, 1861.

“ DEAR MOTHER :—It seemed to me a long time getting a letter from home ; I suppose it is a sign that I love you all. Christmas, I walked out to Paint Lick, a distance of twenty-two miles. I had a splendid time, riding, walking, singing, etc. Danville is quite a pretty place of about five thousand inhabitants, and has besides the seminary, a college, two large girls' boarding schools, and many minor institutions of learning. I have enjoyed very fine health, and am very glad I came here when I did. I am glad I visited Granville, Ohio ; it was a great treat to talk with grandpa. I will give your exhortation, 'don't smoke,' a calm, unimpassioned, respectful, dignified, and profound consideration.”

To his eldest sister, he says :

“ I wish you a merry Christmas this morning. I have been getting along nicely since I last wrote. I am rooming and boarding at Dr. Green's. I have a sophomore for a room-mate, and am pitching into Hebrew like a good fellow. About seven o'clock every morning a coal-black maiden of fifteen summers rings the bell for us to get up ; Frank, another piece of shining ebony, makes the fire in our stove. About half-past seven we have breakfast, and right after, prayers, at

which some of the servants always attend. I go down to the seminary at half-past eight, and stay right through till twelve o'clock. I generally read and write in the afternoon, and study in the evening. We have four professors and forty students. One of the students was a class-mate of brother F. He is from South Carolina, but is a strong Unionist."

To a younger sister :

"This is your birthday ; I cannot send you a present, as you are so far away, but I will write to let you know that my heart is full of fraternal affection and brotherly love. Be a good girl ; continue to improve in everything, and remember that as your years come quickly on, your last will soon be here. Think of good things, find out what it is to repent and believe, and then, V., do it with God's help."

His letters from this time are largely taken up with the threatening condition of the country. They reveal at once the intense interest he felt for its welfare, and the working of his own mind, as to what was his duty in the crisis.

From his grandfather :

December, 1860.

“The famine is very sore in Kansas, and there is much suffering. This county has sent them relief. Is anything done for these poor sufferers in your State?” “What shall be done in this distressing Secession movement? Is Kentucky doing anything to encourage it? We hope not; we love that heroic, noble people too well to spare them from our beloved Union. Is not the whole of it a sad, unjustifiable movement? Let us all do our duty the best we can, and if possible save our guilty nation from disgrace and ruin. How are you pleased with your situation—your studies, the society, and everything that relates to your happiness. It is no trifling matter to be confined to the study of books for many years, but I hope you will come out in the end as bright as the morning.”

Reply to his grandpa :

“I received your kind letter three weeks ago. I am sorry the accounts from Kansas are so distressing. The two Presbyterian churches in this place sent a little over a hundred dollars in cash, besides four boxes of clothing, to Kansas. I thought this was doing pretty well for these hard times. I take the *Cincinnati Com-*

*mercial*; I don't like its anti-coercion talk, though I hope for an amicable adjustment in the Union. I heard from father this morning; he is well, and thinks Mississippi will come back. I am well, and well contented with everybody but the Seceders. I talk so much against them, I am called an Abolitionist. I received the 'Principia.' Can you send more?"

About this time he heard of the death of his well-beloved pupil and correspondent, Frederic Barrows, whom we have mentioned. He died very suddenly on the 9th December, 1860, at Suffield, Mass., whither he had gone to pursue his studies. His teacher's sorrow on hearing of his death, is expressed in the following letter to the mother of the deceased:

"DANVILLE, KY., January 1, 1861.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARROWS:—It is the first morning of the new year, and the sun is shining as kindly and with as much promise as ever it shone on the many bright days of the old year, which, with all its pleasure and all its sadness, has now gone forever. Two weeks

ago, to-day, I heard, at once, of the sickness, the death, and the burial of your son, Frederic. Can you excuse the liberty I take of writing to you on this solemn occasion?—a liberty, which would at any time be great, but especially so now, when an intrusive letter may cause those wounds to bleed again, which time is gently healing.

“After I arrived here I made out a list of persons to whom I intended writing when I found time. It commenced thus: Dwight, Fred, Arthur, etc. I have written to Dwight but I cannot write to Fred; yet I feel as if I could not pass his name by, and knowing that it will do me good, I trust that you will accept in kindness this expression of his teacher’s feelings. I write not to console, or to soothe; for were I able, that sacred duty belongs to others nearer you. I write simply to tell you I too loved Fred. Since I heard of his death almost every incident of my pleasant acquaintance with him has passed and repassed in my mind. You know that beside my connection with Frederic as his teacher, I was with him very much as a companion; I was more intimate with him in both these relations than with most of my scholars. I cannot but mourn for myself that I can no more enjoy my friendly intercourse with him; the hopes I loved to cherish of once more meeting in old Mansfield, our dear school circle unbroken still. Yet I shall always be glad that I knew Fred. I

shall always think of him with mournful pleasure. As a scholar, I admired him. He loved his lessons, and was diligent in them. He was able to master any study, and in one branch was extremely promising. In his deportment, although when with me under circumstances which were a temptation to his natural playfulness, he was all that I could ask. Out of school I often noticed in our talks his inquiring mind, and his anxiety to learn everything that was practically useful. As a friend he was always agreeable, kind and obliging; many were the acts of kindness he performed for me. I never had a direct conversation with Fred on the subject of religion; I wish very much that I had; it would have been so pleasant to think of. But Fred was a good, conscientious boy. I always found that the strongest motive that I could bring to bear on him was an appeal to the right. They tell me, Mrs. Barrows, that Fred is dead; I cannot realize it. I take out his picture and gaze at it; there are the same features which I have so often seen, but always, whether in puzzling study, in earnest thought, in hard work or sportive play, lighted up with life and animation. How vivid yet are the closing scenes of school! My last visit at your house—the examination—the composition—my ride with him to Willimantic—our conversations about Suffield! It was he whose hand I shook last of all my scholars; to him I bid the last good-by; a cheerful good-by—for our



hearts were full of hopes ; but alas ! those hopes were human. I think of all these things and look at his picture, and think and look again, but I cannot, I cannot make him dead ! Yet, I suppose it is a reality ; a soul, a spirit that lived among us, with whom we laughed and talked and prayed—has gone.” “ Frederic’s death has come nearer to me than any other. God in mercy has not taken away from me either father or mother, or brother or sister. I never yet have stood beside a death-bed. But now death has broken a circle of scholars whom I loved, and of whom I was proud. One has been taken away who, like me, was full of ardent hope ; one who differed from me only in this, that apparently I was a few years nearer to my grave than he to his. But he has gone first ; how soon am I to follow ? I am very glad I can believe that in all our intercourse with him there never passed between us an act, or a word, or a thought, I trust, prompted by anger or impatience. I am glad there is so much that I can think of with subdued yet unalloyed pleasure ; yet, there are things for which, could I see him now, I would ask his forgiveness. I confess them to you. Had I known last fall that in one short month Fred was to die, how differently I would have acted—how much kinder my kindness would have been ! How much more faithful I would have been as a Christian brother ! He is now beyond the reach, and beyond the need of earthly

counsel; and though he sung not on earth with us, is now singing songs of praise and glory such as only angel lips can sing. God grant that the solemn lesson may not pass by unlearned by us who are left. Tell each one of Frederic's schoolmates for me, so to live, and so to act towards every other, as if the next short month would see that companion in the grave. I hope and pray that this warning, coming as it does at the commencement of my studies for the ministry, may be blessed to my good. I need strength, wisdom, and grace from on high. May I not ask you, now that another cord connects you with heaven, now that you are drawn still nearer to the throne of grace, to remember me sometimes in your fervent prayers? It gives me a deep and sacred pleasure to add to those of all who knew him, my tribute of affection to the memory of your son; and that, though I am far away, still I cannot forget him, but must mourn in your mourning and grieve in your grief."

His brother F.,\* now pastor of the Presbyterian church, Lexington, North Carolina, writes:

"January 22, 1861.—I have read within a few days past Dr. Breckinridge's sermon on the 'Crisis.' I agree

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\* This brother was chaplain for a season to a regiment in the Southern army before Richmond.

with him on the subject of secession, and I think his argument indisputable. The old North State moves slowly. The secessionists are doing their best to stir her up, but it's no go yet. If, however, the black republicans don't come to reasonable terms she will let her voice be heard some way—I can't say what. At all events the State will follow in the wake of Virginia, and she can't well do anything else, her interest and destiny being linked to the Old Dominion. A majority of our people have no idea being coerced into measures by South Carolina, any more than by the general government. The feeling in some quarters is quite bitter toward South Carolina. It would not be long before she would be again kicking out of her harness, and carrying her sovereign head higher still. The Secession feeling, though, is gaining strength, and if something is not done toward effective conciliation by the party in power before the fourth of March, even North Carolina will probably set up for herself. Yes, and you'll see Kentucky cutting loose also. For myself, I am anxious to see the slavery question forever settled *now*, but I want it done in the proper way. We are in a bog, floundering helplessly; we are a sinful nation, and deserve to be chastised sorely. As things stand now, if we are spared a civil war it will be a miracle of mercy."

TO WILLIAM TRUMBULL, Esq., OF MANSFIELD, CONN.

“ My journey hither was a very pleasant one, I spent Thanksgiving week as I intended, with my relations in Granville, Ohio. I had never seen many relatives before, and it is quite a treat to get among so many cousins at once. I was rubbed pretty hard for my political sentiments, by the older folks ; and you will not wonder at it, when I tell you that their Abolitionism is of such an extra fine extract, that they think the *New York Tribune* is rather pro-slavery, and the *Independent* very conservative.” “ As all arrangements had been made I entered the seminary and went to studying at once, of which there was great need, as I was considerably behindhand, especially in Hebrew. I have now caught up with the class, and I like translating the old testament Hebrew better than any other study. I am beginning to be very much interested in my theological studies, and I begin to feel, too, what a responsibility will rest on me, and is resting on me now while engaged in studying God’s word. I often think how I would like to talk over many points which come up in the course of my studies with you. I have often asked you to pray for me, but lately—since Fred’s death—I have felt the need of the efficacy of the prayers of earnest Christian friends more than ever.” “ Public opinion, in Danville and vicinity, is strongly opposed to secession. But Danville, I think, is ahead of the State in

this patriotic feeling. I agree with you, probably, in supposing that the whole secession movement is a wild, reckless, destructive proceeding. I do not myself think the slave States ought to ask for any guaranties, or make any fuss about the Republicans coming into power. But we have now to deal with facts. A majority of the people of several of the slave States, wrongly, but sincerely think that in staying in a nation controlled by a party which says to the slave States, 'we will not suffer you to have advantages which we have—of impressing our form of social government in new States; we will cripple you by every means in our power'—they are submitting to their own degradation, and are inviting future aggression. They therefore leave, and are preparing for war. The people of the other slave States, though otherwise extremely anxious to abide in the Union, think that if this party really means to carry out its declarations to the letter, then, it would be dishonorable for them to remain in the Union, even if a long bloody war follows. Believing this to be the case, I see but two alternatives, unless some compromise is effected,—war, or a peaceful recognition of the independence of the Southern States. The latter, I would consider a more humiliating sacrifice of the fundamental principle of our government, and more dangerous to our safety than any the Republicans are now asked to make. War I do not consider the worst evil that can befall us; yet

under present circumstances, who can contemplate it without horror? I believe the spirit of compromise is as important as any; without it our government could never have been formed or preserved till now. The spirit of concession is a Christian and a blessed principle." "The Cotton States have adopted a bullying tone, but the other States have not. They ask it kindly. I will tell you my ideas of the practical workings of slavery, as I see it, some other time. Read Thornwell's article in the *New York Observer*, February 14th, if you want to get at what they think in Cottondom."

He says to a friend :

"I don't like to hear you speak of the 'Haughty Southerners,' or of not yielding an inch. The mass of the South are honest in feeling that they have been wronged. If you knew just how the South feels, I am sure you would yield many an inch for the sake of peace. Besides, the point is vital to the South, but not to the North." "War—war—war is the cry, and every throb of the telegraphic wire is bringing us terrible news from many parts of our beloved land. The only danger at present in Kentucky is from mob fight. For instance there is in Danville an association of over 200 working men who are pledged to support the Union. They raised the stars and stripes here, and

have sworn that it shall never be taken down by secessionists, even if Kentucky secedes. In the college there are many young men from the extreme South, and the feeling of the whole college, especially since Lincoln's proclamation, has been *anti*-Northern. We came very near having a raid last night between these two classes, but I hope no blood will be shed. I must say that the news of the last few days has excited me almost beyond endurance. I can't bear to hear the students exulting over the downfall of Sumter, and the insults to our country's flag. I tell you, it would not take much to make me enlist as a soldier, although my position and circumstances almost forbid my thinking of it seriously, yet if by my going I could raise a regiment of Kentuckians, who otherwise would not go, I would not hesitate a moment."

"It is wholly impossible for me to get a letter South. Have not heard a word from father or F. I am studying pretty hard. This with teaching for my board confines me pretty closely. The weather is beautiful. No fire, window open, very pleasant. There are about fifty sick soldiers here; many regiments have passed through. In the family where I am boarding there are about ten colored brethren and sisters; when the troops go by, they go out and shout for 'Linkum.' " "While all nature is so joyful and peaceful, how dreadful and violent are the emotions and com-

motions of our countrymen. The storm is furious, and as yet it has only begun to rage; yet I see hope, and in all my mourning will not despond. Pray for our country."

" May 4th. To-day is election-day. It is virtually a vote on Secession or no Secession. A few days ago, the secessionists withdrew their ticket from the field, on the plea that since Virginia has seceded, no such convention would be held; but undoubtedly their real reason was, because they knew they would be whipped, and the hope that as there is no competition, the vote will be small, and then they will claim that all who didn't vote are Secessionists. But the Union men are on their guard, and cannot be *out-witted* or *overawed*, as they have been in every seceded State so far; especially in poor old Virginia. The Union men are all opposed to Secession utterly and forever, but I am sorry to say that some of them are not as hearty or loyal in their support of the general government, as they ought to be, and are now talking of an armed neutrality, which means—that they will not fight on either side, and prevent, as far as they can, troops of either side coming on their soil. This policy, I think, is more one of the politicians than of the people; and I earnestly hope it will not prevail. The only excuse for it is, that it is extremely hard for Kentuckians to take up arms against their Southern brethren, although their



judgment pronounces against them. The State officials are bad men; some of the politicians are not as sound as they ought to be, and both together have put old Kentucky in a false, unloyal position. But a majority of the people are sound to the core. Already two thousand Kentucky volunteers are organized into regiments, and soon the full number of troops will be made up for which Lincoln called, despite the refusal of the Governor."

"This dreadful war news has knocked my calculations for the vacation *sky-high*. Got a letter from F.; he has been, as all of North Carolina, driven into Secession! Egyptian darkness reigns in Mississippi. I wrote to pa, urging him to come north; I am afraid we shall not see him."

His father, at the time the war commenced, was agent of the American Bible Society for Northern Mississippi. He resigned his agency, but remained in that State, supporting the disunion movement. William could not understand why his father should take this course—and writes: "I cannot believe, pa, that you believe either in the right or expediency of Secession. Have I not heard you commend Jackson's course

in 1832 and 1833? Did you not tell us that you considered Calhoun's death in 1850 a providential interference to preserve the Union? Why do you now wish for the downfall of that beautiful flag, under the protection of which we have so long dwelt in safety in foreign lands, and looked up to with such pride".?

To his brother H. :

"Governor McGoffin, and through him the State Militia, of which he has control, are thoroughly, though not openly, Secessionists. The Legislature is about half-and-half. It is possible that by foul means the State may yet be declared out of the Union. In view of this, the Union men are organized all over the State, and getting arms, which is a difficult thing just now. The Paint Lick 'Catamounts,' to which I belong, are going to get arms from the United States Government. If there is war in Kentucky we will be liable to be called out. I do not think moderation and attempts to compromise have done any harm; on the contrary, they now justify and strengthen the cause of the Union, wonderfully, when finally the war is forced upon us; now I say, make it the biggest, most determined war possible, and don't rest till the laws are en-

forced everywhere. In this County-guard, there are one Secessionist, twenty-five wavering Union men, and one thousand two hundred and ninety-eight Union to the last. Love to the Doctor, Joe Daniels, and all classmates. Has Jim Schneider been in New Haven?"

Nothing except his love for the whole country could exceed the interest he felt in the state of affairs in Kentucky. He watched very closely every movement of her civil and political, as well as military leaders. He had no *native* State to love and glory in, above another—but for some reason he seemed to adopt old Kentucky for his State. He said long ago, when he had finished his education, he was going to Kentucky to help free the slaves, and this was the very last work he did. But, at that time, how very far from his thoughts was the way in which this work was to be done! He fought to save his country—not necessarily to free the slaves. In twenty-eight days after his death, the slave was free. He was born in a land of oppression—where young boys were forced into the army, and fought and

died to uphold oppressive governments. The noble principle of love for country and liberty could not influence them, for they had no country to love, and were strangers to freedom and justice. Even now, they are suffering—fighting and dying, and their mothers are weeping, and hoping for their return; but many—very many of them will never hear from them again. He heard Yanni tell of the cruelties inflicted upon his countrymen in the time of the Greek Revolution, when for a Greek to meet a Turk was to meet his death.

“Yesterday we had quite a turn-out for our small village—Paint Lick—to witness our company drill, and to hear political speeches. There were about one hundred and twenty-five men in the company, of whom I was one. At the close, a vote was taken for the Union, *as it is*. All stood up but five or six. When the vote was taken for secession, one man rose up, but sat down before he could be counted. All this eastern part of the State is as strong as this meeting was. Yet the Governor, with a small but powerful clique, is bent on having Kentucky secede, in which

case there will be civil war in the State, and I shall fight for the stars and stripes, which our company is pledged to do."

"June 1.—Kentucky's position is rather critical, though not so much so as it has been. If the Governor had been able, by hook or crook, to get the least pretext on which to act, he was prepared to declare the State out of the Union, post his armed men in every town of the State, call in troops from the southern States, and bind the defenseless Union men hand and foot, and if any dared to resist, to convict them of treason to the State, and hang or drive them out, just as is the case to-day in Tennessee. Thanks to our Legislature, the Governor has been disconcerted for the present, but it has been a close shave, for the change of a few votes would have effected the ruinous schemes of the disunionists. The people have been terribly alarmed. There could be no united action among them, as any proceeding that was not strictly legal would be made a pretext by the Governor; but now we are receiving arms *gratis*. I have got a good United States musket, with bayonet and ammunition. I think this decisive movement will be the death of secession in the State, and with sixty thousand troops along the Ohio, I guess the seceders won't touch us. So you needn't fear for me, 'specially.'"

“Since I came to Paint Lick I have not done much ; I read considerably, but not much theology. I have been cutting up a tree which blew down in uncle’s yard. The trunk is six feet around, and pretty hard to split. I also do some garden work, among the flowers or vegetables, or in gathering or capping strawberries. I am at present installed as teacher of Cousin Arthur, and preach occasionally to the blacks. My opinion concerning them is not altered in the least by coming here.”

“June 11, 1861.—To-day is my birthday, and I am twenty-two years old. I can hardly realize it, but I ought by this time to be a man. I must say I don’t feel so. Here I am, romping all over the premises, with my cousins, and galloping all over the country, managing to cast off care, and I scarcely know whence next month’s bread is to come. One’s birthday is a good time for reflection. I feel that this year will be the turning point of my life—the passing from youth to manhood—for, by my next birthday I hope to be earnestly engaged in preaching the gospel of the living God. God grant that I may be equal to such a duty and such a privilege.”

“July 3.

“MY DEAR JOE:—I have preached several times in backwoods school-houses, to small audiences, and two

or three times to the blacks. I received a rather dubious compliment from a regular 'Uncle Tom,' an elder among the blacks: 'Young Massa preach pretty well for de little learnin' he's got.' I have made some stump speeches to admiring audiences, around in the country. It's real fun. The Union sentiment is tremendous. They want all the traitors hung, and the conspiracy crushed without mercy. Kentucky will never secede, though McGoffin and his satellites may cut up a little like Jackson in Missouri. The neutrality talk is all humbug. It was first advanced by timorous Union politicians, but has since been taken up by the secessionists as their rallying cry. But the people are, and always will be, distinctly divided into Unionists and Secessionists."

In July, of 1861, he rather unexpectedly made up his mind to return North and teach again one term in Mansfield, before the coming winter session of the seminary should commence:

"I am going to teach in Mansfield Center, as usual. I leave uncle's next Wednesday, July 10th; will visit John Beckley (one of his classmates), at Shelbyville. I expect to be in Granville, Ohio, the 16th, and leave there Monday, the 22d. I shall try to be at home

Wednesday evening, about nine o'clock, on the 24th, in order to be at commencement."

He accomplished this trip throughout just as he had so hurriedly planned it at Paint Lick, calling at and leaving each place, and reaching home at the hour appointed. Of his visits on the way, he says :

"I had a pleasant time at Mr. Dandy's in Lexington. I rode around the city, and visited Henry Clay's monument. At Shelbyville, 'Beck' took me around to see several of his lady friends. On Saturday there was a picnic; about fifty ladies and as many gentlemen were there. Union sentiment in Shelbyville is very strong. Monday I left for Louisville, and arrived there at half-past ten. At noon went on board the steamer *Major Anderson*. The ride up the Ohio was pleasant. Tuesday, at Cincinnati, took the cars for Granville. Grandpa met me with a buggy at Union Station, and soon I had the pleasure of meeting Aunts L. and B., Cousin M., and little Con. The little fellow is just the same as ever. I had scarcely been in the house an hour before he commenced striking me with a little horsewhip. I took hold of it and held it; he tugged away at it, and finally began to cry. I said, 'You can't have that, sir.'



He then changed his tactics, and putting his face up to mine, said, 'Thank 'oo illie kiss.' The little rogue got the whip immediately. Have you heard any news yet? / have. Isn't it good?"

He attended commencement, spent a few days at home, and then went to Mansfield.

"I have but fifteen scholars; expect half a dozen more in about two weeks. We play as much as usual at recess. I miss Fred very much; I have been to his grave, and can hardly realize that he is there under the cold, cold ground."

His grandfather says of his recent visit there :

"William will tell you how he raked hay with grandfather; and let me tell you, that I think him as good a scholar in the hay-field as in literary science or in theology."

Aunt L. says :

"We have had a precious visit with William. How I love to hear him talk! May his life be spared and his usefulness be great in the earth."

Writes his cousin :

“ There is quite a large camp collecting on the Lexington turnpike, at Hoskins. Cousin S. Fry is there with a number of troops ; and Judge Bramlette has resigned his judgeship and is making up a regiment of cavalry, and will soon be there. Before the election, there were two or three secession pic-nics, and they seemed to be making great efforts to rally their party, but in spite of all, the Union has gained a great victory. We got a staff for that flag you gave me, and planted it in Grapevine Grove. Everybody we meet asks, When did you hear from Billy Johnston ? ”

He was over-fond of what might be called immoderate exercise ; and was often admonished that a more prudent course would be healthier and safer. If swimming, he would disappear under water, till all with him were alarmed ; or swim across the Hudson River, as he did near the “ Palisades.” At the cave where Putnam killed the wolf, he pushed in, ploughing his way with his elbows. At Niagara Falls, he would go on and on, over precipices, to the great uneasiness of those who accompanied him.

To one of his pupils he says :

“As to racing with you on the ice, I should not propose it myself, but if you got me into it, I shouldn't want to give in, if—I could help it. Important ‘if.’ When I was in Elizabeth, I skated considerably—that is, after a fashion. I spread out my capabilities to the utmost, but spread myself on the ice with true heroism.” “I went to N. Windham last night, and ran back this morning, from Mr. Peck's gate to Mr. Trumbull's, nearly three miles, in twenty-six minutes. I am practicing for the war; if matters get much worse in Kentucky, I shall enlist when I get through school.”

“Sister and myself,” writes a little friend to him, “are very much obliged to you for the music. Pa and Aunt Mary went down to Camp Robinson and took us children with them. Yesterday ninety men passed here in a very hard rain, going to camp, and ninety more are coming to Paint Lick to-night, and are going to sleep in the school-house. Mr. S. went round getting the neighbors to send them something to eat. All sent very cheerfully, except your friend, Mr. ———; he would not send a thing.”

From his war correspondent in Kentucky :

“ September 17, 1861.

“ You have, no doubt, seen the recent action of our Legislature touching the Southern troops which have come into the State. I am clear in my convictions that J. C. Breckinridge & Co. had these troops brought into Kentucky to serve a purpose. The secession game could be carried no further, after our late State election, unless some pretext for civil war could be found. This was sought in the step the Southern troops have taken. ‘Breck.’s’ calculation was that, if the Southern troops would once come into the State and take possession of certain strong points, the way would be open to raise the wind against the United States’ authority in Kentucky; and this, by having Gov. Polk do as he has done, to wit: propose to withdraw all Southern troops from Kentucky soil, on condition all United States troops be removed; and on condition United States authorities would enter into stipulations with Southern rebels to sacredly respect Kentucky’s neutrality. By this trick, ‘Breck.’ hoped to get the so-called Southern Confederacy recognized by United States; also to have Kentucky recognized as virtually independent of United States. In case United States should refuse to enter into such stipula-

tions, he hoped the peace party would be able to turn the State against United States, and make them responsible for our having war in Kentucky ; and thus increase disaffection against the United States among our people. But fortunately our Legislature will not pay any attention to Gen. Polk's proposition, and have, with a very strong and determined vote, ordered our governor to have the Southern troops removed, without conditions and without ceremony. This will be done. All that remains to be seen, as yet, is whether the secessionists of Kentucky will have the folly to make common cause with Southern rebels, who have invaded our State. If they do, and attempt to resist by arms the will of Kentucky, they will bring down on their own heads terrible things. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois are standing ready with 15,000 or 20,000 men each, to hurl them on the Southern rebels, just as soon as Kentucky gets ready to strike. We are all looking for Gen. Anderson to call for volunteers in Kentucky ; and if he does, there will be a grand rush of our boys to his standard."—"Oct. 2. Zollicoffer's force is threatening us, and if our troops fail to drive him back, we will all be overrun here, and many will leave. Troops are coming in from Ohio and Indiana, and our people are all astir getting ready to go to meet him. I am hopeful, and trust we shall be permitted to dwell at home in peace. The fact that the Southern rebels

have invaded our State, has caused some of our Disunionists to change their notions, and things are now working in favor of the Union cause. If we can gain a victory over Buckner or Zollicoffer, we will be in a very good way. We anticipate a fight soon, either at Munfordsville or Bowling Green."

In November he left Mansfield for New Haven; this was his last visit home. He looked care-worn. The study, teaching, and excitement of the past year had borne hard upon him. He was cheerful, though unusually tender and thoughtful.

"DANVILLE, KENTUCKY, November 12, 1861.

"I attended the seminary exercises to-day, so you may consider me fairly reinstated in my theological studies. The number of students is only twelve, but the professors are all here, and provided I can get my mind down to it, I ought to be able to make much head-way this session. During the invasion excitement, the Union men were so aroused, and appeared so determined, that many Secessionists have left, and the rest either turned Unionists or cooled down. Besides 10,000 Kentuckians in actual service, we have

17,000 enlisted and in camp, with a good prospect of raising 10,000 more, before January ; so a United States army officer told me Saturday. Kentucky's quota is 25,000 ; we have therefore 2,000 more already, after only three months' enlisting. This is pretty well, considering that one-third of Kentucky people were at the start Secessionists, and that full half that go to the war, are obliged to take up arms against either brother, son, or near relative. I think Kentucky ought to do more proportionately than most States, because she has more at stake ; but I hope you will give her credit for what she has done, and consider the difficulties her Union men have to contend with. The battle of Wild Cat was fought thirty miles from Paint Lick. The Home Guard, to which I belong, went to Wild Cat on Saturday. Sunday night, one of our Home Guard was shot dead, while on picket duty. He left a young wife and two children. He was buried with martial honors, in the cemetery near uncle's house ; the turf is still green on his grave. The excitement at that time was intense ; I would have given anything to have been there. The Secessionists were so scared after the defeat, that many slept all night in the woods. Uncle Jim, colored man, asked me yesterday : ' William, whar's Jolly-cuffee ? '—that's the name the niggers all call him. The niggers are all Union, because the rebels have caught all they could and driven them South. Zol-

licoffer has been driven to the Tennessee line, and the inhabitants are jubilant; they are confident too that Sherman will whip Buckner. The detached divisions have been called in toward the central line in front of Buckner. General Thomas' division passed through here, Wednesday and Thursday, on their way to Columbia, so as to form the left wing of Buell's army. On Friday, however, they suddenly received orders to halt; they are waiting, probably, to allow General Nelson's column to come up. When the *Seventeenth Ohio* regiment was marching through here, I took off my hat to some of the soldiers; seeing which, one of them said: 'Put on your hat, young man, take a musket and come along with us.' This remark of the Ohio soldier stung me, and all the rest of the day I felt unhappy. I have often felt that others, and among them good friends, have *looked* the same reproof into me. All the fall, especially since I came to Kentucky, I have been feeling so dissatisfied that I am not actively serving my country, that, at times, it has been absolutely painful. Four of my classmates have gone to fight for *my* country. They are probably shivering with cold to-night, and perhaps suffering with painful disease, and I am in the midst of comfort and comparative luxury."—"We have been discussing 'immortality,' in the seminary. Oh, that I could get full of the idea! I believe if we thought more of death, we should increase our enjoyment in



everything.”—“I am glad to see you so fully aroused for your country, and I subscribe heartily to what you say. ‘Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.’ Of course, I exult in the thought of being uncle. Tell auntie to put on her dignity.”

From the fall of Sumter till he joined the army, he did not rest. The struggle was great. There were strong reasons why he should not go to war; still, a voice within said, Go. The passing regiment; the patriotism of classmates already in the field; the look of a friend, and the *call* of the Ohio soldier—all spoke reproof—as he said—“stung me.” We think our young men brave, and willingly go forth to die, and so it is; but their very nearest friends know not the magnitude of the struggle which bears them on, slowly perhaps, but surely, to war and to death.

“February 1, 1862.

“We have all been rejoicing over the defeat and rout of the rebels at Somerset. I have seen many of the horses and wagons captured from the enemy. Zollicoffer’s body passed through here, but it was not allowed to be seen. I have often seen Colonel Fry, who shot

him. He is an elder in the First Presbyterian Church in Danville."

To a classmate :

"I suppose you have been indirectly informed of my arrival in Danville, and of my continuing in the seminary instead of encamping on the battle-field, where you might have expected to find me, if you remember my valiant talk, when I saw you last. I told the folks at home I would enlist, if our troops were seriously repulsed, either at Bowling Green or anywhere in Kentucky. This not having occurred, I have not thought myself called to go. But I have, at times, when I have seen regiment after regiment pass through under the stars and stripes, felt mean and ill at ease that I was staying at home in inglorious safety. I have, notwithstanding the exciting scenes so near us, been enabled to do considerable studying this year; more, decidedly, than I did last year. I expect to be licensed to preach next May.

"I have to prepare for examination in April, besides the regular studies, a Latin essay on justification, a critical exercise on John i. 1-14, a lecture on Psalms xxiii, and a sermon to be preached on Acts ii. 28.

"We have all rejoiced exceedingly at the defeat of Zollicoffer. While we did not fear him much, we knew he threatened the Blue-grass region, of which we are

the center. Generals Thomas and Choeff are in town, to-day. Everything indicates a speedy advance in large and concentrated columns into Western Tennessee."

In speaking of sick soldiers around him, he says:

"A poor Kentucky soldier was left sick at our house, a month ago. He lived three weeks, and required constant watching. I sat up ten nights in succession, three or four hours a night, till I thought I was going to be sick myself; after that, every other night till he died. I could write a good deal of him and other soldiers, but will defer it till we can talk. Some of our Tennessee cousins are taken prisoners.

"Not a word from father, or F., or Uncle William, in Tennessee. People here are all for McClellan. They laugh at Fremont."

"April 29, 1862. — Presbytery met Thursday, at Lancaster, and I was examined on Friday, and my examination was sustained, as they say. In the evening, I preached my first regular sermon before Presbytery and an audience of the town's people, after which the Presbytery licensed me to preach the Gospel as a 'probationer' for the ministry.

"They were not hard on me in the examination, but I shrunk from preaching, when I knew I should be the

mark of everybody's criticism. I lost myself twice, but recovered in a few seconds, so that I got through without exactly failing."

About this time he received an invitation from the Presbyterian Church at Greensburg, Kentucky, to preach for them a Sabbath or two on trial. He writes :

"An elder in the Presbyterian Church at Greensburg, about sixty miles southwest of Danville, has written me to come and preach there two or three Sundays. If I am acceptable to the people, they may invite me to preach there during the summer. I go with a good deal of diffidence ; for it is a strange place to me, and I understand there are a good many *secessh* in the church, that make a heap of trouble."

He engaged to preach for four months to two churches, and also to teach school in the vicinity of Greensburg.

"June 28.—The churches to which I preach, one in Greensburg, the other in Ebenezer, are both small and weak, especially so now in these excitements. In the Greensburg church half the members are Secessionists. They will scarcely come to hear me, much less give

anything toward my support; and this only because I am known to be a Union man, and pray for the Union; for I have not, as yet, touched upon the subject in my sermons. The same may be said of the other church, though in a less degree, most being Union. The Union members are all that could be wished; firm, true, and uncompromising."

"I teach eight hours a day, as it is the custom in the country schools to make a whole day's work of it. I preach twice each Sunday. Every other week once to the colored brethren. I feel that I am getting into my life-work, and hope I shall have strength to pursue it long, and that my heart will not be faint."

"I have had a pretty hard time of it this session between studying and teaching, and though I have been blessed with health, I do not feel that I can go to work in my new field with the vigor and the strength that I ought to have. My sermons are a great task. Not perhaps so much in themselves as in their continual anticipation. From Monday morning to Sunday it is continually weighing upon me. There is not a moment which school duties leave me, in which I am not uncomfortable, unless I am doing something toward that sermon; but the churches to which I preach know my position, and I hope make all the allowances due. I have many kind friends here, and everything in my surroundings seems to be as pleasant as can be made."

To his mother :

“ July 20, 1862.

“ Upon the whole, I am sorry brother H. is going into the army, though I shall not discourage him now. I think it would be better for me to go. I am more afraid of the terrible temptations to wickedness in camp life than the dreadful liability to disease. I have seen enough in Kentucky to make me fear for H. Still, under God's care, and by ceaseless prayer and watching, he may overcome all evil. I feel that the cause requires the sacrifice of dearest interests.”

The latter part of summer, 1862, he made up his mind to come North again, before he should enter upon his last session at the seminary. The first of September, having fulfilled his time at Greensburg, he made ready for his anticipated trip to Connecticut. His youngest brother had just enlisted in the Fifteenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, which was then in camp, waiting orders to leave New Haven ; and the family were very anxious that William should reach home

before his brother should be obliged to leave. When the expected hour of his arrival had come, the question was heard all over the house, in going out and coming in, and at the camp: "Has Willie come?" "Has 'Bobbie' come?" But, alas! though we thought we even heard his foot-step upon the porch, no Willie, no "Bobbie" was ever more to enter the portal or greet the inmates of his quiet, much-loved earthly home!

From the following letters and journal will be seen how different the way in which God led him from that which he had marked out for himself:

"LEBANON, KY., Sept. 3d, 1862.

"I am for the present blockaded in this town. I had arranged to leave Ireland Neighborhood (the place where he taught school), bright and early last Monday morning, to be in Danville Monday night. But last Sunday, Morgan the 'Bandit,' entered Columbia, and seized the stage-horses. Monday evening, Morgan's pickets were within a mile of where I was. I packed up my trunk, and left it at Mr. Buchanan's. I started on foot and reached Campbellsville at 9 o'clock P. M. The

stage between Campbellsville and Lebanon did not run, for fear of being captured, so I had to walk to this place. While on my way, I was arrested by the Federal pickets, and detained several hours, but, after seeing the colonel in command, giving him all the information I had, and explaining my own actions, he gave me a pass, and set me on my way rejoicing. He said if he had had a horse to spare, he would have given me one. I reached Lebanon Tuesday afternoon, and here I have been since. No one can pass out toward Danville, because the enemy are there. I am therefore for the present locked up here and my trunk,\* for aught I know, captured by rebels. But I guess not. Last Friday our forces were whipped near Richmond. The result is, Frankfort, Lexington, Harrodsburg, and the railroad most up to Cincinnati, are in the hands of the rebels. There is some apprehension of an attack on Lebanon, and we may have a fight. I think likely there will be no seminary this year."

"LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 12th, 1862.

"Here I am in this city, thrown by the waves of the

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\* His trunk, which was carefully made ready for his journey to Connecticut, was detained at Lebanon, the village in which he was blockaded, where it was pillaged by Morgan's guerillas. A small testament and portfolio, afterward found, were the only articles recovered from its contents.



war on to the banks of the beautiful Ohio, and right glad am I, in all my perplexity, that, at last, I am where I can write. I wrote last from Lebanon, where I was penned up for a little while, by the Federal forces. After Morgan left Danville for Lexington, I succeeded in getting a pass for Danville, where I arrived last Friday. There were no rebel troops there, then, but they had left their mark behind. The seminary was broken up. I met Uncle there; he had left Paint Lick—after hiding a day or two in the woods—as rebel troops had been to his house to arrest him. He did not think it safe to stay in Danville, and has gone to Louisville. I went on to Paint Lick, and preached there, Sunday, but didn't think it wise to stay long. I did not much fear being arrested, but every day made it more difficult to get out of the Confederate lines. So, early Monday morning I returned to Danville, and arrived there in time to see a brigade of rebels, with the banner of treachery floating over them, march into town. I went to Dr. Humphrey, the only professor remaining in Danville, to ask his advice as to my course of action, and what he thought of a minister turning soldier. He said he did not think I was called to go into the army, and that I had better go to Princeton. He advised me, moreover, to try and get a chaplaincy in some regiment. I told him there was no way of my getting one. Whereupon he wrote a letter of introduction and recommenda-

tion for me to General Boyle, and told me to hide it about my person, and make for Louisville. I left my baggage and, by walking half the night, I evaded the Confederate pickets, and got beyond their lines by day-break. With some trouble and expense, I reached Louisville, Wednesday evening. As to my getting a chaplaincy, all is very doubtful. The vacancies are all in regiments far away in Buell's army, and I am not acquainted with a single regimental officer in those regiments. However, I shall consider the chance worth waiting for. If I do not succeed in getting a chaplaincy, I shall enlist as a private soldier. I cannot go to Princeton, and if I should go, I couldn't study to any advantage, with the conflicting emotions which these times produce in my breast. Ah! I have been disappointed in all my plans. Let us follow where our Saviour leads. Keep close to him."

September 24. "Monday the people got scared, and began moving away. I helped pack up two or three families, and one large store, and, at night, joined the National Guard, Company B. I am a private; we have been expecting hourly to be assigned to some duty, but as yet, we are only drilling. This is a battalion of State Militia. In case I get a commission as chaplain, I can leave it. But if not, I shall stay with it, at least three months. There are a thousand rumors in the city to-day. Buell is said to be quite near, and will

be here to-morrow. If this be so, our danger is averted."

September 25. "Friday most of Buell's army got here. Colonel Hobson, of the Thirteenth Regiment Kentucky Volunteers, with whose family I became acquainted at Greensburg, offered me the position of chaplain in his regiment, as there happened to be a vacancy. I gladly accepted, and yesterday obtained a commission from the Adjutant-General. I am therefore now regularly the Chaplain of the Thirteenth Kentucky Volunteers. It is now encamped about two miles from the city. While a member of the Independent National Guards, I was under drill a good part of the time ; we were detailed as guards in the city, while the other soldiers went to the fortifications. Night before last I was out all night, and was marching pretty much all the time. We had to pick up straggling soldiers, and send them to their regiments, or put them in the guard-house, and to arrest all suspicious-looking persons. It made me very tired, but I have felt very well to-day."—"These are busy times ; all the regiments have orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. I must get me some kind of an outfit. I expect to sleep in camp to-morrow night, and on this account I write to-day, although it is Sabbath. I went out to camp this morning to make some arrangements for preaching. The Colonel appointed 4 o'clock this afternoon ; I went out again at

the appointed time, and found that the regiment meantime had been sent out on picket duty, so that I could not preach. I shall, no doubt, meet many such obstacles in my work. Please remember me in your prayers, that I may not be negligent in the duties of my office, or in using all my opportunities for doing good. You know I am not yet a regularly-ordained minister, and therefore cannot be mustered into service. I shall be ordained as soon as I get to Danville, 30th. The city yesterday was much excited about the death of General Nelson. The funeral takes place to-day."

The following extracts are taken from his war record on the march from Louisville, Kentucky, to Nashville Tennessee:

CAMP OF THE 5th DIVISION,  
 ARMY OF THE OHIO,  
 24 miles south of Louisville. }

"I am actually in the midst of war scenes; not exactly the cannon's roar, or the smoke of angry batteries, but the din of camp preparations—the smoke of a thousand camp-fires, and, more than all, dreadful oaths and curses, which seem to fly on every passing breath of

air. We are now on what is called a 'forced march, although we are not going very fast. I am now writing right on the ground, cross-legged, with my paper on my knee. The 13th Kentucky is two rods on my left, and the 79th Ohio two rods on my right. On Wednesday the 1st, our regiment was ordered to move. We camped 12 miles from Louisville, Wednesday night. I am taking it on foot for the present. But, fall in! fall in! is the order along the line; so good-by."—"Thursday, it was the turn of our brigade and the 11th to lead the advance; so we marched along behind the cavalry and artillery. We caught a glimpse of the Rebel scouts and pickets."—"From Floyd's Creek there is an ascent of about four miles up to Mt. Washington. We went up the ascent through the woods in line of battle, and took the camp of the Rebel regiments of cavalry, who had evacuated it before we could reach them. The day before, in some skirmishing between the cavalry, two of our men were killed. They were both shot in the head, and presented a sad and dreadful spectacle to me. I hope I shall see no more such, but I am afraid I shall see many.

"Saturday, we marched three miles toward Bardstown. The advance of our column had a severe skirmish with the rear guard of the Rebels just on the edge of Bardstown; we had seven wounded, that escaped, and lost some prisoners. The Rebels left six killed in

Bardstown. They got the advantage of us in the skirmish, but they retreated very fast after it.

“Our division, on Saturday, picked up six Rebel soldiers and one captain; I conversed with the captain some time; he was a gentlemanly, clean, polite fellow, but an incorrigible Secessionist.”—“I woke yesterday to find one of the most beautiful Sabbath mornings breaking upon me that I ever beheld; but it saddened me, when I saw that it made no change in camp life. The reveille was sounded as usual; the bugles answered one another from camp to camp; the aides flew round to give the orders of the day; and by seven o’clock, ‘Fall in! fall in!’ fell from the adjutant’s lips as sternly as ever, and away we marched, the majority of us, perhaps, without knowing it was God’s holy day. It was our turn to lead the whole ‘corps d’armee;’ skirmishers were detailed from our regiment to right and left; we were evidently on the track of the enemy. The road we were following was beaten smooth by the tramp of the retreating Rebels; and we saw the smoke of their still-burning camp fires, and picked up some fifteen stragglers; we captured from them about a dozen muskets and three horses. I pitied the poor fellows, and talked particularly with three of them, all of whom said they did not enter the army voluntarily. Two of them expressed a willingness to take the oath of allegiance.

“We halted last night on the Bardstown pike road about sun-down ; there was no chance to preach through the day ; I proposed to preach at night, but the poor, hungry soldiers, as soon as they had eaten their scanty meal, wanted to lie down to sleep, and I felt so, too, I must say. A few of us got together and sang a few hymns, and thus ended my first Sabbath in the army.

“Our staff-wagon, even, did not get up with the regiment ; I had nothing but a thin summer coat on, and the night was decidedly cool ; I was glad to accept from the Colonel the loan of a thin horse-blanket. I caught snatches of sleep, to wake up every half hour, and find myself shivering. I would get up and put some more fence-rails—which for aught I know were stolen—on the fire ; then, after warming myself all around, I would lie down and sleep till I got thoroughly chilled ; and so on, throughout the night. I was heartily glad when morning came, although I was not rested, and had nothing to eat. To-day our regiment, instead of being the extreme front, is in the rear even of the baggage-train ; so we have to wait in camp to let the whole corps pass by. I improved the opportunity by bathing in ‘Beech Fork.’ When I got back, our wagons were coming into camp ; so the next thing was to get breakfast. I then attended to some things about baggage, etc. It was by that time one o’clock. Still the army

was moving—moving—moving. It is now nine hours since the advance passed. This is what has given me time to write, but we will soon be going.”

“I am not unhappy in my position; I feel it is just the place for me; it will help me to serve my country; to administer to the wants of my suffering fellow-creatures without deserting the peculiar work which my Father has called me to do. The future is bright before me. The petty hardships I am occasionally called to undergo are far more than balanced by the consciousness that I am engaged in a noble, a righteous cause.

“October 8. On the road sixteen miles west of Danville. Monday, we marched till nearly midnight, and camped at Springfield. Yesterday, we had a tedious march; at times it was really distressing. The day was hot and sultry, and we found no water. Thirty thousand soldiers drained the last drop, and I gladly drank the filthiest water. We were obliged to go five miles out of our way to get to the stream. Thousands of soldiers fell out by the way perfectly exhausted. I am told we have picked up about three thousand prisoners in all. Buell has the perfect confidence of the army. He has at least seventy-five thousand troops in the field, which left Louisville all the same morning. Crittenden's corps, in which I am, has at least twenty-five thousand; Thomas' and McCook's command, each a corps. I think we shall sweep the State; all so far is



highly successful. There is also a force advancing down from Cincinnati.”—“On Wednesday, the 8th October, a severe battle was fought at Perryville, twelve miles west of Danville. Crittenden’s corps was not seriously engaged, but the left wing suffered severely. The battle-field is a terrible sight.”

“October 22. Between Danville and Perryville, Morgan’s band attacked and drove in our pickets, but was speedily repulsed. The attack, however, delayed us a day. Our brigade, on Friday, was obliged to march and stand in a cold rain for over six hours, and then it was long after dark before we could get into camp and have any fires made. The result was, that I was very sick. If we had marched far on Saturday, I don’t think I could have borne it.

“The regiment moved on toward Crab-Orchard and Mt. Vernon; I left in order to spend a night at Paint Lick. When I had arrived in sight of uncle’s house, I ran right into some Rebel pickets. I was somewhat alarmed, as the day before I had bought a horse and I expected to lose it ‘*instantly*.’ Fortunately, however, I had no badge of any kind on my person. The first question they asked me, was where I lived? I pointed to uncle’s house, and said, *there*. Two pickets were detailed to accompany me to the house, and I got home safe.

“The next day I took to the woods and corn-fields,

and got safely beyond the Rebel lines, and went immediately to Crab-Orchard, where I gave the information at head-quarters. Saturday, I caught up with the regiment, two miles beyond Rockcastle River. Sunday, I preached. The regiment was seated on the ground all around. I talked as well as I could, from the text, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Soon after, orders came for marching. We went beyond Wild-Cat, over some of the roughest roads and wildest country that ever man beheld. We camped Sunday night in the woods, in Laurel County, a few miles north of Loudon."

He left the regiment now for a day or two to attend his ordination.

"October 25, 1862.—I was ordained last night at Danville, and am now a regular minister of the Gospel."

He had been a student of theology at Danville two years, and, although he had been interrupted in his studies by teaching, as he had been in college, yet it will appear by the following extracts, that he made such proficiency in his work as to give ample satisfaction to the officers and trustees of the seminary.

From Rev. A. A. Hogue, one of the trustees of the seminary :

“ It was my duty, as well as pleasure, to be at the examination of the students of the seminary, at the close of each session. In these examinations William always stood at the head, among the first of his class, making the contrast evident to every one present of the superiority of his attainments, and the ardor of his studies. He was a young man of *mark*, even in the seminary. There was added to this much undissembled humility, such total absence of self, such absorption in his studies, as was charming in the highest degree to the visitors and hearers. I was at the Presbytery meeting at which he was licensed to preach the gospel. His trial pieces were of the very highest order. This I say deliberately, after an experience in this same Presbytery of some twenty-three years in licensing young men, and we have during that period licensed some that are now doing a good work, and stand deservedly high in the annals of the Church. His power of analysis was very great, and his logical power was such, that he would follow a subject out into all its ramifications, setting forth with great power and truthfulness the leading parts of the text. He had fine abilities as a speaker. He was fluent and easy, making a fine impression on his audience, and carrying home with great

power the truth as it is in Jesus. But while he was remarkable in these respects, he was even more remarkable for his simple, unostentatious piety. This was the great charm that gave him power with the people. They believed in his goodness, in his sincerity as a Christian."

Dr. Breckinridge, President of the Seminary, Professors Humphrey and Yerkes, unitedly speak of him in the following note :—

"All accounts agree in representing his work as a licentiate as having given great promise of future usefulness, and his short service as chaplain in the army as being in full accordance with that promise. Our knowledge of him was chiefly as a student under our care up to the period of licensure, and we take a melancholy pleasure in declaring our confidence in him, our respect and esteem for him, and our assured hopes concerning him. His conduct was, as it appeared before us, wholly blameless; his example profitable in all things to his fellow-students; his success in his studies very marked, and his whole character and his attainments, both in divine and human knowledge, seemed to point him out as one whom the Lord had chosen and fitted to do much for His blessed cause. All that is known to us of his previous life, before he came to the Danville Theologi-

cal Seminary, adds to the mysterious Providence of his early death, which to weak human judgment would seem to be one of the innumerable blows falling upon the Church in these sad times."

To his brother H. :

"November 1, 1862.

"I have found it extremely difficult during our march from Louisville in chase of Bragg, to write at all. We are now in Green county, where I preached during the summer, and I am writing in the house of one of my parishioners. I have been well most of the time, and well enough to march all the time. On this march we have been without the sign of a tent. Often the staff-wagon has not been up with us, and I have slept several nights with nothing but a horse-blanket under me, and the sky as a star-spangled banner over me. The weather has been precisely such as I would wish to gradually harden me to the service. Buell has'nt caught Bragg. I understand he is superseded and that Rosecrans takes his place. I have had very little opportunity to preach. We have had several prayer-meetings, and my work looks brighter and easier as I get acquainted with the men. Our army, I expect, is now making for Nashville. Tell me all about your chaplain and the meetings in your regiment. By the way, don't

neglect the prayer-meeting. Tell me all about your health, and duties and doings; all about the brigades and their stations, and commanders. Now, do your duty on all occasions, it is ever the path of safety. Write home frequently; be constant in prayer; put on the whole armor of God; pray for your brother."

"November 4. I am again at Greensburg. Friday we reached Columbia. As this was very near to Green county where our regiment was mostly raised, permission was given to the men and officers to 'go home' for three days and report in Glasgow. This opportunity of visiting their homes was joyfully accepted by the men, most of whom had not been home for thirteen or fourteen months. Friday night I staid in Ebenezer. Saturday I came down with Colonel Hobson to Greensburg, and preached here on Sunday morning. I then went back and preached in the afternoon at Ebenezer. Monday morning I went over to Ireland and visited the school-house, where I saw many of my old scholars."

"NOV. 11, CAMP NEAR SILVER SPRINGS,  
                     between Nashville and Gallatin,  
                     and south of Cumberland River. }

"When I left Greensburg, by the kindness of Mr. Wilson, I was furnished with a horse to ride to Glasgow. The regiment I found had left Glasgow the same

morning. I took up the line of march and overtook it just as it entered Scottsville. Friday, we reached the State line, and bid good-bye to old Kentucky. Our men were fresh from their homes, they had clean shirts, and clean faces, and crossed the line with willing steps, yet all seemed to feel as if they were going from home. We camped that night for the first time on the soil of a seceded State. Saturday night, we camped on the Cumberland, a little below Gallatin; we rested there Sunday, and a delightful day of rest it was. I preached, in the morning, to a large, attentive audience."—"We had prayer-meeting last night; a few good humble Christians attend. Although the number is small, I believe that the *prayer-meeting* is the place where the most good will be effected. The health of the regiment is good. My own health never was better; I hope for the best. But when the cold damp rains of a Southern winter come, it will be a different thing from the pleasant weather of the fall. Morgan's cavalry is prowling about us, and teasing us considerably. This morning some of his men made a dash within two miles of our camp, and picked up some fifty of our men, and were off in a trice. He's hard to catch, and I'm afraid neither Rosecrans, nor any one else, will do much better than Buell, with the *old rascal*."

To Dwight Peck,\* who, together with several of his scholars had enlisted in the United States army :

“CAMP SEVEN MILES EAST OF NASHVILLE, }  
 “ November 24, 1862. }

“ I was at the battle of Perryville, but being on the right wing, our regiment was not in the action. I went over a portion of the battlefield, and saw horrible sights. I think General Buell has faults, but by no means deserves the censure which he has generally received. We all give, however, a hearty support to General Rosecrans, and hope he will be speedily successful in the highest degree.

“ I think you did well to vote for Buckingham at the time. If all the Democrats had done as you did, we would have had one grand Union party. Would that all good Union-loving men would join and save the nation.

“ On our march we moved every Sunday. I am getting acquainted with the men, and hope to do good by

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\* This worthy and patriotic young man — Dwight Peck — died of typhoid fever at the regimental hospital, opposite Fredericksburg, Virginia, on the 12th of January, 1863, just one month and nine days after William's death. He was the son of Pearl Peck, Esq., of North Windham, Connecticut.



conversation. Pray for me, Dwight, and for yourself. Keep your integrity, and don't give way to the least infraction of the right. Remember me with much affection and regard to Charlie F., to Alvin, to Osmore, to Henry B., and Madison, and any other scholars who are with you, not forgetting Captain S.

"Stand by each other in times of temptation. Beware of the first '*tip of whisky*,' even on a weary march—the first profane expression or vulgarity. God bless and guide you all."

"SILVER SPRINGS, WILSON CO., TENN., }  
 "November 17, 1862. }

"The main body of the army is in Nashville. Crittenden's Corps is here, about twenty miles from there. We staid in camp from Monday till Friday. This was the longest rest we have had since leaving Louisville, but as we were expecting to move all the time, and were occasionally ordered into line of battle, we did not profit much by it. Sunday, we marched twenty miles. I got wet through and through, but I went to bed dry and warm, which many of the soldiers couldn't do, as they had no clothes to change. My work has been rather discouraging, though I feel nothing like despairing of seeing brighter and cheerier times. There are some good Christian men in the regiment,

and I hope we will be able to strengthen ourselves. Not many Union people hereabouts."

The letter from which the above extract was taken was the last he sent home, though he wrote at a later date to some of his friends. The last account he had given of his health, November 11th, was: "My own health was never better."

The members of his family were now separated, no two of them together. The father was in Mississippi, the elder brother in North Carolina, the sisters in Connecticut, the younger brother in the army, and the mother in Granville, Ohio.

Thus separated, while each one was anxiously waiting to hear from him again, the heartrending telegram announcing his death, reached his mother in Ohio on the afternoon of the 3d of December, 1862. The intervening week between the announcement of his death and the receiving of Adjutant Woodruff's letter, was a

week not to be forgotten. The fact—and only the fact—had reached us, that our promising son and brother was dead. His father and brother F. could not even be informed of the sad fact. His brother H., then in the midst of battle before Fredericksburg, Virginia—his sisters—what a sudden blow to them! His mother, although separated from her own family, was yet in the midst of relatives and sympathizing friends. Her aged father, over four score years and ten, mourning and laboring to soothe his heart-stricken daughter by his comforting words and prayers. A loving sister, whose heart was full of kindness and tender sympathy, and many other friends manifesting sorrow in her sorrow. In 1860, after William left for Kentucky, his mother had a short dream. Two students were walking on the opposite side of the street from the house; one said to the other: “William C. Johnston is dead.”

The same words came in the telegram, the word “Rev.” only being prefixed.

FROM ADJUTANT WOODRUFF, OF THE 13TH KY. REGT.

“MUNFORDVILLE, KY., Dec. 4, 1862.

“MRS. JOHNSTON:—It is my painful duty to inform you of the death of your excellent son—the Chaplain of our regiment. We left Nashville on the 25th Nov. On Thursday, the 27th, he complained of having a cold, and feeling unwell. We were on our return from Tennessee to this place; but, owing to various trivial accidents to the locomotive, we were detained on the road until Sunday, Nov. 30. Upon arriving at this place, Col. Hobson, Col. Carlile, and Capt. Thompson had him removed to a hotel. He seemed to get a little worse, but no anxiety was felt for him. During the night of the 2d (Tuesday), he became alarmingly ill, and Wednesday morning, the surgeon pronounced that he would not live through the day.

“I visited him about half-past 9 o'clock A. M. He seemed to breathe hard, and suffered some. Rev. James C. Rush, who was in attendance, determined to inform him of his real condition. He called him, and Mr. Johnston turned on his back, and Mr. Rush told him his time was short in this world, and if he had any directions to give, he would receive them. He then gave your name and that of two sisters, wishing to be

remembered to you. It was with great difficulty he spoke. After a moment's pause, he quoted a passage of Scripture, which I could not understand. I then suggested to him, if he would have me telegraph to you. He replied in the affirmative. I then took leave of him, and he gave me his blessing, which were the last intelligible words he uttered.

"I proceeded to the office and telegraphed. He was very low. While waiting there, I received intelligence that he was dead, which I immediately telegraphed to you. He died about 10 o'clock A. M., Dec. 3d, of *typhoid pneumonia*, and was buried this morning at the same hour, in the private burying-ground of Mr. Robert Munford, a Presbyterian gentleman of this place. The regiment accompanied the corpse to the grave. Our acquaintance with your son was short, but, in that time, he proved himself a devoted Christian and an honorable man. He was universally beloved by the regiment, and ever received the highest esteem of officers and men. He was attended in his illness by Assistant Surgeon Edward S. Cooper, assisted by Dr. Gardner, of Woodsonville. Private Thomas J. Carey, Company A, an excellent nurse, attended him day and night. Captain Wallace Victor occupied the same room, and rendered him every attention in his power. Rev. James C. Rush was present, and did all in his power to soothe his last moments. In writing you this

painful intelligence, I am desired to give you the sincerest sympathy of Col. Hobson, Col. Carlile, Major Hobson, and every officer in the regiment. All unite in sending their kindest regards to your afflicted family.

“ I am, very respectfully,

“ W. W. WOODRUFF,

“ Adjutant 13th Ky. Vols.”

The Adjutant's letter brought a relief hardly anticipated in those times of war, when so many among the sick and dying could not be cared for at all. Since our boy must die, that so many kind friends were ready to give him every necessary attention ; that a grave, too, should be kindly made ready in a secure private burial-place—was to us, as a family, a great comfort. We would tender to these friends our heart-felt gratitude.

The officers and men of the 13th Kentucky Regiment we shall not forget. Their spiritual welfare lay near the heart of their young Chaplain. Often, when writing home, did he speak of them, hoping to be able to do

them good, to point them to Christ as their only Saviour ; regretting that, so far, so few opportunities had been offered of preaching the Gospel to them, and meeting with them for prayer and praise.

Subsequently to receiving the Adjutant's letter we learned, through other friends, that after his arrival at Munfordville he did not incline to talk much—was rather drowsy. His physical strength, however, remained to the last. The morning he died, he walked from his couch to his bed, and read a letter he had just received. It does not seem that he anticipated death as near, but said, if called to die *now*, he was ready ; and at last, when told that death was at the door, he accepted the message without alarm ; spoke of his dearest earthly ties ; then calmly resigned his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it.

The following lines were found among his army papers :

“ I shine in the light of God :  
 His likeness stamps my brow ;  
 Through the shadows of Death my feet have  
     trod,  
 And I reign in glory now !

“ I have found the joy of heaven,  
 I am one of the angel band ;  
 To my head a crown is given,  
 And the harp is in my hand.

“ I have learned the song they sing,  
 Whom Jesus hath set free ;  
 And the glorious walls of heaven now ring  
 With my new-born melody.

“ Friends of my mortal years,  
 The trusted and the true,  
 You're walking still through the valley of tears,  
 And I wait to welcome you.

“ And why should your tears flow down,  
 And your hearts be sorely riven,  
 For another gem in your Saviour's crown,  
 Another soul in heaven ? ”



FROM ROBERT S. MUNFORD, ESQ., TO WM'S UNCLE.

“MUNFORDVILLE, Dec. 3, 1862.

“REV. MR. JOHNSTON:

“DEAR SIR:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the very sudden and unexpected death of your nephew, Rev. Wm. C. Johnston, Chaplain of the 13th Ky. Reg't of Infantry—Col. Hobson. It is now about noon. He died about 10 o'clock to-day. He was brought sick to my boarding-house on Monday morning last, and, as there was no suitable room for him here, Capt. Thompson took him to a hotel, where he had a good quiet room above stairs, and every necessary care and attention given him. Capt. Victor and a good nurse detached from the regiment attended him night and day. I was not present when he died. The Rev. J. C. Rush, Chaplain of Col. Grider's regiment, informed me last night that he asked him a few minutes before his death if he thought himself dangerously ill. He said he did not. Mr. R. then informed him he was dying. He received the word with a great deal of composure and self-possession. \* \* \* I have had the grave dug in our family burying-ground, and he will be buried there to-morrow at 11 o'clock.”

FROM WM'S UNCLE TO MR. MUNFORD.

“PAINT LICK, Dec. 12, '62.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR:—Your kind letters of the 3d and 4th inst. reached me by the last mail. I was truly afflicted by the sad intelligence you sent me. We had received a letter from William, written near Gallatin, Tenn., a few weeks ago, full of life and devotion to the duties of his office in the army, and not a word as to his being sick or in feeble health. Up to the time of receiving your letter announcing his sudden death, I had looked upon him as my own son, and of course took the deepest interest in him and in all his pursuits, and had entertained the confident hope that the Spirit of God rested on him, and was rapidly preparing him for very great services in the Lord's vineyard.

“We cannot feel any mistrust as to William's present blessedness in the presence of God his Saviour. He lived as one who expected to die, and I am glad to hear from you that he met death calmly, without a fear.”

From a cousin :

“ I cannot tell you with what grief I read your letter announcing the death of our dear William. How can his country, his family, or his friends spare him? But it is not for us to question—Why?

“ The noble, self-sacrificing boy, so young and so gifted, has fallen while serving his country. How comforting the assurance of his growing devotedness to the cause of his Divine Master! His life, too, is convincing proof of his preparation for the change. This is everything. I think you have the greatest cause for gratitude. Your family, too, in this hour of bereavement, all know where to go for consolation. If you could be together now, if only for a few hours, your hearts would be cheered and strengthened. But this cannot be.

“ E. M. P.”

From his grandfather to his brother and sisters :

“ Our beloved William, much as we loved him, must go to swell the number of those who are sacrificed for their country's cause. He was lovely in his life, and his memory will ever be precious to us all. I was acquainted with him by short visits, and the more I saw of him the more I loved him, and it appears to be so

everywhere. But he is gone where sickness and sorrow can never enter to disturb the peace and happiness of its inhabitants."

FROM THE LATE REV. J. L. OGDEN.

"NEW HAVEN, CT., Dec. 16, 1862.

"Your note, giving us information of William's death, was duly received, and filled us all with grief. His mind was cultivated, and he gave promise of a useful life, a comfort to his parents, and a blessing to the world. But God, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, too, has taken him away. I know how difficult it is for us poor imperfect creatures to trust that all is well, and that the best thing has taken place which could take place. It is hard to bring these wicked, faithless hearts of ours to the full measure of that confidence in God, which leaves all things, without reserve, in His hands. And yet this, we know, is not only our duty, but our happiness.

"But, though we know this, and acknowledge that God has done His will and done it right, yet the heart feels on, and cannot rest. This is the natural effect of grief. It must be indulged to a certain extent. We

cannot pen up the overflowings of nature, even by considerations of evangelical truth. \* \* \* The peaceable fruits of righteousness, which we are told that chastening yields, are not at the time of our greatest suffering, but 'afterward.' When affliction first overtakes us, we are overwhelmed. It is 'afterward,' when we have the time to think of God and His government, and to call up to view the various grounds of hope and comfort, that we find our resignation and confidence.

"I think you have much to assuage your grief in the personal character of Willie. There can be no doubt that he is at rest. The time will come in your existence when you will see the rectitude and wisdom of God's proceedings in the present case. We pray for you and sympathize with you, but vain is the help of man. God only can put under you His everlasting arms, and keep you from sinking in these deep waters."

From his classmate, Rev. J. L. Daniels:

"He loved *Old Yale* with a hearty love. He was interested in everything pertaining to college. Though absent so much by reason of teaching, he was constantly rising in rank, and stood much above the average rank of his classmates. As a mathematician he was among

the very first. Yet, as a speaker and writer, he was most *eminent*. His first prizes in composition, declamation, and debate, so rarely taken by the same person, testify to his superiority in these respects. These talents, coupled with his warm social nature, explain his love for college societies. He was ardent and enthusiastic in them, for they called out those very qualities which he possessed to such an unusual degree. These qualities, added to the still rarer ones, of an humble estimate of self, and freedom from envy, made him exceedingly popular in his class and college. He developed very rapidly. No man in the class improved more rapidly than he. \* \* \* And what pleased me more than all, was the knowledge of the fact, from my very intimate acquaintance with him, that he never compromised conscience, or lowered the standard of duty. He mingled with students of all grades of character, yet did not borrow from them standards of action."

Another classmate, David J. Ogden, says :

"As a friend he was firm and devoted, possessing the rare virtue of entering into the feelings and troubles of others. \* \* \* His course in college was eminently brilliant, bearing off more honors than any single member of his large class of one hundred and eight. Such,

however, was his habitual modesty, that his unusual success excited no ill will or envy among his classmates. They all admired his talents, esteemed his virtues, and loved him as a friend and brother.

“As a Christian he was distinguished for the strength of his convictions, and his firm adherence to duty. Consistent and irreproachable, none could fail to see the sincerity and unostentatious simplicity of his character and life.”

“ST. HELENA, S. CA., Jan. 6, 1862.

“Last Saturday evening,” says a classmate, “my wife read to me from the ‘Independent’ the sad, sad notice of dear Will’s death. It brought to my eyes the first tears they have known for a long time. I cannot realize that he is dead. It does not seem that I shall not grasp his hand next Commencement. I can’t give up the hope which has given me so much joy, that all along in life I shall now and then meet his dear face, and enjoy communion with him. I loved Will dearly.”

“How I wish I could comfort you! Loving classmates and friends in New Haven must have spoken words of sympathy, which make my written ones sound cold and tame. But believe me, dear friends, I fully

sympathize with you, and my prayers for you have been earnest and frequent, that you may be comforted with Divine consolation. You will greatly miss him as a son and brother, and will need much grace to feel resigned to the loss of one so precious.

“ E. S. WILLIAMS.”

From his uncle, S. L. Howe :

“ Oh, how my heart bleeds for you and yours ! I am sure that God doeth all things well. Your dear son was undoubtedly ripe for heaven, and God took him to swell the joy and bliss of that glorious and hallowed place. This was done, we doubt not, for the greatest peace, joy, and happiness of the whole universe of God. In this thought may you be comforted. Life, at best, is short ; a few years, more or less, is but of little consequence, so that we be prepared for the great change. I have never realized this so much as since this war began ; and I pray God, night and day, that it may never end till universal liberty may be perfectly and fully established wherever the Stars and Stripes wave.

“ Your son is dead—sacrificed on his country’s altar—and mine may be dead, also ; but I have others to offer, and myself, too, if the Lord wills. God alone



can console you! Go to Him. Be of good cheer. Heaven will fill this void with glories which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."

A friend at Salem, Mass., says :

"It was with deep sorrow that I yesterday heard of Willie's death, and read a copy of a letter from the adjutant of his regiment. 'Twas pleasant to see how they all loved him, as a Christian and as a man. It was the first of my knowing that Willie was in the army, and a chaplain, too. How like him! In whatever place he occupied, still engaged in his Master's service. All our recollections of him are of the most pleasant character; and all are deeply pained to learn of his early death, though we are constrained to say: What is our loss is his gain. Oh, what a blessed comfort it is, in losing near and dear friends, to feel that all is well with them; that they were fully prepared to go! It takes away much of the pain of parting!"

From a friend in advanced years :

"I feel that you will be sustained and comforted by

our Heavenly Father, who knows what is best for his children. Your dear son was spared to you long enough to accomplish the great business of life. You have seen him take the Saviour as his friend and portion, in preference to all worldly things. You have witnessed his godly example and his holy influence on those around him, and his desire to go forth in his country's defense, notwithstanding the dangers that awaited him. Then, most of all, to meet the messenger of death with such calmness. God grant that this great trial may be sanctified to you all! \* \* \* Deep sorrow gathered in our hearts as we heard of the decease of your beloved son. We ever felt, when Willie was with us, that our cup of pleasure was mingled with an unusual fullness. We all loved him—loved his noble principles, his intelligent conversation, his Christian spirit, and many times is he now referred to. Often, as he passed and re-passed through the parlor and hall, did we hear him sing some heavenly song; and among the number, and perhaps the oftenest:

“ ‘ Oh, sing to me of heaven,  
 When I'm about to die;  
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
 To waft my soul on high. ’ ”

“And now his disenthralled and happy spirit is

winging its way on pinions of love toward the great center of heavenly bliss.

“ W. W. ”

From Mrs. M. G. Benjamin, who knew him from childhood :

“ Your dear William gone ; cut off in all his promise ; with all his bright youthful hopes and energies fresh ; so full as he was of life ! I can hardly realize it ; and you mourning the first breach that death has made in your family ! My heart aches for you, my dear sister, and I would fain speak some words of comfort to your stricken heart. But you have higher consolations—a Friend that can sustain and comfort, when human sympathy and love are felt to be of little avail ; and I trust that Friend is near you, sitting with you, as He did with the mourners, at Bethany. Dear William ! All my recollections of him are so pleasant ; and so all his friends may say ; for a lovelier natural disposition was never combined with finer mental powers, and energy, and determination of purpose than in his character ; and when the grace of God sanctified all these natural

traits, and superadded an earnest piety, we had reason to look for the accomplishment of much good in the world through him. But he has not lived in vain ; his short life has left an impression that will not be lost on all who knew him ; and ripened thus early for heaven, his fine powers of mind and soul have entered on the higher and more perfect praise and service of that world. But, oh, your sorrow is heavy. I do, indeed, know the ‘aching heart.’ You have the sweetest comfort you could have, under such a trial, in the sure evidence his life of devoted piety gave of his full preparation for heaven.

“I think of you with most tender sympathy, and I feel much for the brother and sisters. Frontis will feel it, and it will be a severe blow to his father, if the news reaches him. Our poor country ! How many Rachels are weeping like you ; but not all have your consolations in their sorrow. A dark day this is.”

“Your note,” says a friend, “calls pleasantly to my remembrance your noble departed son William, and it also calls to mind most sadly the vacancy created in your family circle, by his sudden call to heavenly scenes. He was ever a joy and a comfort to his friends, and had gone directly and manfully to work in his Master’s cause, even while preparing himself for more extended

usefulness. I well know what a main-stay he was in your household, and how much his natural cheerfulness lightened dark days. Truly, we have here no abiding city, but we seek one to come, and the knowledge of that is a glorious knowledge.

“ W. B. D.”

From Mr. Wilson, of Greensburg, Ky.:

“ Our house was Mr. Johnston’s home when here. He was as one of the family, dearly beloved by every member. His death cast a gloom over this entire community. We considered him, at the time of his death, as the pastor of our church. No minister of his age could have had more friends than he had. Young, talented, patriotic, and a devoted Christian, it was hard to give him up. When the army was returning to Nashville, Mr. Johnston and a number of the 13th Ky. returned by this place, and remained at their homes about three days. This was the last time we ever saw or heard our beloved brother Johnston preach. The sermon he delivered that Sabbath to a very large and attentive audience, will never be forgotten by his hearers.”

Mrs. Wilson adds :

“ The morning he left, I prepared a bundle for him of such eatables as I thought he would relish, knowing that soldiers’ fare, even the best, was indifferent. When we told him good-bye, how little did we think it would be for the last time ! ”

“ Dec. 14th, 1862.

“ It is but two days,” says a classmate, “ since I heard the sad news of the death of William. The particulars, I hope, may soon reach us ; but whether they do or not, I shall rest in the assurance that his death, like his life, was a noble one ; for we die as we live.

“ I write to express my sympathy with you, and my esteem and love for William. Though you knew of the friendship that had grown up between us, yet I doubt if you were at all aware how strong it had become. William was my dearest classmate. Of the one hundred and eight, there were many warm friends whom I shall never cease to love ; but he was dearest of all. He was so simple, frank, generous, amiable, noble-hearted, and manly, that my soul was knit to him as David’s was to Jonathan. How sacred are the memories that cling to

him ! The places associated with him are many and dear. His *home*, which was always *enlivened* by his presence ; my old room, where he so often visited me ; the society halls, which he always adorned ; the prayer meeting, where he spoke and prayed ; the long and well-remembered walks, when we were so free and frank with each other. What a comfort it is to me, and what a comfort it must be to you, to look back upon so lovely and noble a life. The tears moisten my eyes, when I think of him as cut off in the freshness of youth, with the prospects which his talents and character seemed to warrant, all blasted. But, when I think of the life he lived, and the example he has left us, I am thankful to my Heavenly Father that He ever gave me such a friend to love. His very death is an incentive to me to lead a more useful life. I pray that it may be sanctified to us all.

“ J. L. D. ”

His class, at their triennial meeting, held at New Haven, July 29th, 1863, offered the following tribute to his memory :

“ That in the death of WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON we have lost a sincere and warm-hearted friend, whose

frankness and generosity, coupled with rare talents and a child-like Christian faith, had endeared him to us by the most tender and sacred ties. That we honor his name and cherish his memory for the self-sacrificing spirit which led him to give up his long-cherished hopes, and bid farewell to the most flattering prospects of usefulness and happiness, just as they were within his grasp, in order that he might serve the country and cause he so dearly loved. That we sympathize deeply with the near and dear ones who mourn his early death, and we earnestly pray that the mysterious affliction which has removed him on whom they leaned, and in whom their hopes centered, may be tempered by infinite mercy to their sad and lonely hearts."

A suitable monument has been erected over his grave by the kindness and efforts of the officers of the 13th Reg't Ky. Vols.

We are again indebted to Mr. Munford for the valuable services tendered in superintending the erection of this monument.

We must now leave that which was mortal of our once animated, buoyant William, lifeless in the cold



grave at Munfordville, and follow his spirit upward, to mansions prepared for those who love God.

If the great company of weeping mothers in our land — weeping because their sons are not — were asked, “Is the Country’s life worth the price?” their sorrowing hearts might not be able to say “Yes;” but a voice from the grave might respond for them, “It is worth the price you have given.” Notwithstanding the blood flowed freely, and the Country’s life is above price, yet our hearts know in bitterness we give a priceless price. Let bereaved mothers, and fathers, too, and all people who lift their hearts to God, pray and labor that *war* may cease, that peace and righteousness may reign throughout our world.

At the request of his grandfather, a funeral sermon was delivered in Granville, O., on the 21st Dec., 1869, by his nephew, Rev. Timothy W. Howe, of Petaskala, O. We give an extract from the closing remarks of the sermon. The text may be found Psalms, cxvi, 15.

“With the Christian’s last enemy, the great battle was fought on the field of Calvary. The prince of life and glory met him there, and turning his own weapons against him, vanquished him. True, indeed, the victor died, for it was by death alone that death could be overcome. But the victory, the conquest, was thereby none the less complete, none the less glorious. Every victory over death, since that eventful triumph, has been but the fruit of that first glorious victory !

“It is our Lord Jesus Christ who, having first gained, now giveth us the victory. The Apostle John saw in vision ‘a great multitude which no man can number,’ who had through him triumphed over death. Had we been present, when he, whose funeral rites we, this day, celebrate, met the king of terrors, it need not be doubted, from what we know of his manner of life, that we should have witnessed another triumph. We can conceive how it was. There appeared, methinks, no conflict in the case, death made no show of resistance. He seemed to give up at once, he did not even look formidable. The victor remembered Calvary, and we apprehend death remembered it, too.

“In fact, he has never recovered his spirit to terrify believers, since that memorable conflict on Calvary, which proved so disastrous to his cause ; and he never will. Our young brother had much to live for ; he was of that age to which, of all others, the world presents

the greatest allurements, the strongest attractions. His kindred, the Church of God, and a bleeding country, all were calling loudly for his strongest sympathies, and devoted services. And most manfully and magnanimously was he responding to these imperious calls. But there was a voice to be heard above them all, saying, 'Come up higher,' and who can doubt that the love of life left him, as he heard this summons, and that the fear of death departed? By nature he loved this life, and by grace he loved life eternal. That death scene was sorrowful and gloomy, but the sorrow and gloom were manifested by those only who surrounded his dying couch. *He* was calm and composed. In his case, as in all cases of true believers, death suffered a defeat; indeed, was swallowed up in victory. Can such victories be ascribed to nature? By no means. Are they the triumphs of philosophy? Certainly not. They are the achievements of heavenly grace alone. It is the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ which vanquishes, which overcomes, and which triumphs in death. This glorifies the Lord of Glory and renders 'the death of the saints precious in the sight of the Lord.' 'The death of his saints' glorifies the Lord by its influence on surviving relatives and friends.

"The hand of the Lord is laid upon them heavily, and they realize it; they call for sympathy. But the Lord himself becomes their refuge in such trials. The name

of the Lord they find to be a strong tower, into which they may enter and be safe from the power of affliction. When Christians feel right, they can adopt the language of Job: ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.’—‘Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.’ Such declarations of faith, such exhibitions of submission to the will of God, honor and glorify the riches of His grace in the sight of an unbelieving world.

“We can see what strong ground for comfort is afforded to the parents and kindred in the early removal by death of one so dear. Though young in years, William seemed ripe in experience. We can adopt the language of Dr. Young with all sincerity in regard to him, ‘Many fall as sudden, not as safe.’

“ ‘Servant of God, well done !  
 Rest from thy loved employ :  
 The battle fought, the victory won,  
 Enter thy Master’s joy.

“ ‘Soldier of Christ, well done !  
 Praise be thy new employ ;  
 And while eternal ages run,  
 Rest in thy Saviour’s joy.’ ”













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